

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 448.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE DEAR GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER
FORGOTTEN," &c.

CHAPTER XIV. WARNINGS.

LUCY slept very sweetly, had charming dreams, and rose very happy. The opinion was universally entertained of her next morning, that she was a knowing young thing, and had not been trained in an Anglo-French school for nothing. Her tactics were perfectly known. Was it not a painful thing to see a girl of that age brought up so by that rap of an Irish father, who was teaching her to keep two lovers, both old enough to be her father, in play at the same time? The dark looks of the dragon of a sister had not been unnoticed, and the stupid child had better have chosen another time to play off her tricks. But what was this to the feeling when it got known that she had gone to meet this officer at Sody's, and had brought him off, and fixed him happily at lodgings exactly opposite their own house! This effrontery and cold strategy seemed shocking in a child of her years; and female moralists, over their morning *café au lait*, might be excused auguring the worst. Indeed, it must be said her behaviour had an air of fitfulness and coquetry; but then we know perfect innocence and *real* simplicity will do things of the most awkward kind. The truth was, she had taken her explanation with Mr. West literally. Their explanation had made everything clear to her. In time—years to a young girl—she was to learn how to admire and love him. And he enjoyed such an exemption from the follies and passions of the young, was so moderate, and had such an interest for what was her interest, that—in short, the understanding between them was complete and clear. In the interval she did not understand that she was to lock up her sympathies in the good and amiable.

It was a wild lead-coloured day. It had been a stormy night, and the wind had not gone down. The sea-wind was very unwelcome at the colony, and at every corner lay in wait, cold, searching, and betraying the nearness of the monster from whose bosom it came. The colonists kept close on these visitations. From being a bright, sparkling place glittering like a pinchbeck article de Paris in Blum's window,

the little town changed like a chameleon, becoming dull and slate-colour, shrinking, shivering, wrapping itself close in its sad-coloured paletot. Lucy was looking out from her window a little disconsolately (for this dusty day had a corresponding effect on her father's temper, bringing the whole train of gloomy forebodings, depression, ill humour, and the very worst visions of ruin and despair), when a visitor was announced.

Miss West stood before her. That lady's appearance made Lucy wonder, she always regarding her with a curious feeling of awe and repulsion. The day, too, was not one of her days. To her surprise, she came up to her with affectionate haste, and an air of interest that seemed like a sunbeam playing on a bit of ice. She sat down beside Lucy, asked about her father; had she been down to the port? with the usual conventional questions, but said nothing of the last night.

"Gilbert has not been here? Well, I suppose he will be, later. He has a deep interest in you—deeper, perhaps, than you can suspect, or perhaps understand."

Lucy answered gravely: "I value and esteem his goodness and kindness to me. And I don't know how—I may be too young to have the power of conveying this as strongly as I ought."

"It is not that," said Miss West, quickly; "speeches are not what we want, though it is not so much your fault. Girls just entering on the world are taught to suppose one man as charming as another, and as so many partners in a night's dance, the last is always the finest and best."

Lucy's eyes widened. "I don't understand why you say this to me, Miss West."

"Why? You have wit enough to know. This is no little matter for acting. You should be told that Gilbert's is not one of those cheap natures to be treated in *that* way. His is no trifler's heart, but the noblest and most precious. He is *everything* to me. We are only two in this world. I don't know how to measure my words either; but I cannot look on and see his happiness and our happiness wrecked."

She spoke in such growing agitation, that Lucy found herself looking at her with wonder and awe. She was a child in experience and training, as she had been told, though she had not a child's heart.

"Why should you think me so wicked?" she

answered, "or so cruel? I have some honour, at least—some faith."

"No, it is not *that*. You think this some light matter, as girls do one of those wretched little flirting triumphs. You would be pleased to see him coming here day after day, and would be proud to show your friends that you have one like him interested in you, while *you* amuse yourself. Vanity enters into these things, as I know, in this wretched place, where a true heart is as rare as a real diamond on the necks of the creatures here."

Lucy, as we have seen, was quick and impetuous. "What have I done?" said she, warmly, "or what am I going to do? What are those dangers? He would smile if I were to tell him this. I know his indulgent friendship."

"Friendship!" repeated the other, with infinite scorn. "Is this innocence or artfulness? But you are not dull. I don't know how to reach your heart. I know I am blunt; but leave me out of the matter. Think of him. Once he sets his mind on a thing, he casts his whole life and destiny with it. Only a day or two ago he comes to me in the most abject misery, and says he will leave this place and go back to the world. I was in such joy, for I knew that would be the saving of him. Well, a letter comes, and all is changed. He will stay here, and is in spirits again. And you talk of friendship! Do you take me for a child? I know I am an old maid, as they call it—always will be; and have only that one object to love or look to—only him!"

She looked so wistfully, that Lucy—who, Mr. Dacres said, enthusiastically, "had the fiery Dacres' blood boiling through her little veins, sir"—restrained that little impetuosity which was strong in her, and was quite softened, when a minute before she was inclined to do battle. She took the other's hands, and said, eagerly:

"Dear Miss West, now don't trouble your heart any longer, for I can tell you how it all stands. I would not see you so distressed for the whole world; and I can tell you in two words. That is——" and she started, stopped, and remained silent, for she recollected the engagement she had made with Gilbert.

"Well?" said the other, her hard brow contracting.

"No," said Lucy, impetuously. "I cannot now. All I can say is, I will behave with honour and true faith."

"Ah!" said Miss West, rising, "just what I expected; just what I warned him of. Let him boast to me of his wisdom and experience, who would place all his safety and happiness in the hands of a child! God help us, indeed! Ah, miss, I see your game. Take care what you are going to do, or what you attempt. I warn you. Be cautious. I shall watch you from day to day, and if any ill or anything wrong comes of this business, you will repent it, child as you are, as sure as my name is Margaret West. You don't know me. Twenty years ago there was an adventuress who tried the same experi-

ment with his trusting and generous nature; but I saved him. God gave me strength to save him and to punish her. So take care!"

She spoke with an extraordinary fierceness and determination; the colour, even, had come into her pale dry cheek. But Lucy had plenty of spirit, "the old Dacres' spirit," if we like to call it so.

"What do you mean?" said Lucy, looking at her with astonishment and quivering lip. "You may warn me and watch me as much as you please. I invite it. I am not in the least afraid. I am honest, and will look you in the face straight at any time. If I am a child, as you are so fond of repeating, I have no child's heart. I have not sought you, nor your family; they have sought me. I could say who is childish to-day. Mr. West is above these unworthy suspicions and threats—yes, threats," added Lucy, very calmly; "if *he* were aware of what you have said to me to-day——"

"He knows nothing—not a word, as I live."

"If I were to tell him, you know perfectly the effect it would have on him. But I would disdain such a thing. Yet I do not know if it be my duty. You—a lady—to come here and threaten!"

"I—I mean it all for his sake. You cannot blind me. I know what is going on, and your father's schemes. We have friends in England."

"I will not listen to you," said Lucy, the tears almost forcing themselves to her eyes. "How *dare* you speak thus about *him*? But I despise it all. I court your watchings and warning, and shall behave exactly as suits my own dignity and honour. I shall make no terms. What if things *do* turn out so dreadfully as you suppose? I dare say they will. I cannot help it. Your brother will understand it all. I shall not be afraid to meet you, if you are bold enough to venture to bring me to account. There's a challenge, Miss West, for yours; and I must tell you I think it ungenerous of you to come in this way to our house, and speak so to a poor girl."

"I told you I did not mean to offend or to hurt you, and, if I have done so, I am sorry for it; but I must warn you again that I am in earnest."

Again the old flash of the Dacres was in Lucy's eyes. Miss Pringle had seen it often, and though she announced that she "would eradicate the seeds of temper," she had failed, and had been clearly worsted in some contests whose incidents were rather unseemly. The girl all but struck her own dress impatiently with her hand.

The other stood irresolute, her face working.

"I love my brother," she said, "more than one should do in this miserable world, though he, perhaps, does not think it; and would not wish to see him suffer. But," she continued, half sorrowfully, "things may take their course until his eyes are opened, miserably—which assuredly they will be, one day."

Our Lucy walked up and down a long time after that little scene—her first dramatic scene in

life, and in which, too, she had acquitted herself with credit. She felt pride that she had proved herself equal to that bitter, wicked campaigner, who was double her size and strength. She was "a young thing," and had a natural pride in her victory. But she knew nothing of the little hair-springs and cog-wheels and endless mechanism of the human heart, or she would have felt that this assault, aimed really at her client, had made her more than ever his protector. Nay, she resented the ill-judged attempt to dispossess him, and advance another. Unconsciously, she found herself resisting what was so awkwardly being forced upon her.

Miss West went home, through the cold searching winds, which made her thin chest shrink and shiver. She found her brother still busy with his papers. She had not seen him all the morning. His eyes were bright; his forehead clear. The weather had no effect on him; yet she realised, with a pang, there had been a time when it deepened his melancholy. Now he was secure.

"My dear Margaret," he said, cheerfully, "are you ready for a secret? I have been turning a plan over all last night. You know I should have to go home next month to look after our business. Well, I have made up my mind to go at once. It is only anticipating a little."

"Go at once!" she repeated. "Why?"

"Oh, many whys and many wherefores. I have all sorts of things to do, though I shall be a very short time away. I shall go to-night. I may as well."

"Go to-night! What is the meaning of all this?" She spoke with a sort of hopelessness, for she knew it was idle opposing him.

"Because I shall be back the sooner. I shall go straight to Westown—the old house."

"Why, you told me you could not endure to go within twenty miles of it—that your heart would sink——"

"Ah, then; yes. But it must be done at some time, and it is as well to get over such fancies. I'll make a plunge, Margery. The poor old place must be in an awful state of decay. I'll get some clever fellow to go down to repair and beautify."

"I know the reason of this folly," she said, impatiently.

"No folly, indeed, if you knew all."

"If I knew all?"

"Ah, you know very little, Margery; forgive your brother for telling you so. Then, there is that poor Dacres and his affairs; he is such a muddler. I am convinced he is well off, this moment, if only some sensible man——"

"Like you. Oh, I lose all patience. You, indeed, going off to settle their business! They have finely entrapped you!"

"Now, Margaret," he said, coldly, "I warned you about this. At our last conversation on that subject, I told you I could hear no more. My mind is made up."

"But you must hear me, Gilbert. She no more cares for you than——All last night she was flirting, yes, like any——"

"Like any girl," he said, smiling, "with the lean Frenchmen there, I suppose. Just what I would expect, and like to see. Wherever she goes, she must be admired."

"But—but——Oh, I see, it is quite hopeless. Nothing will change you; you are so infatuated. But you will suffer for this."

The anxious sisterly heart had checked itself—she could not bring herself to do more than hint about last night. She could not so madly break up his fool's paradise.

"My dear Margery," he added, kindly, "do you come with me, to look after me, and keep me out of these follies which you think I am sure to fall into. We shall have a very pleasant little expedition together."

At first she gave a start of delight. Then the vision of the designing girl, left behind, unchecked, unwatched, rose before her, and she said, firmly,

"No, I must stay behind here."

He tried to persuade; but she grew obstinate.

He walked down to Mr. Dacres, the schemes he had thus so lightly epitomised to her floating in his head. He found Mr. Dacres cold physically, and morally desponding.

"Ah! West, *here's* a hole to be put down in! The summer of a life, the prime of a man's days, slipping from him in a den. I shall die here, like a poisoned rat in a hole, as that beggar Swift said. What a mind, what a tongue, that fellow had! When I want to rake some scoundrel of a witness fore and aft, sir, I read over a page of the immortal boy before going into court. I *used* to read. Ah! my friend, those days are numbered with the past. Well, sir, what's the best news with you?"

"I called in to tell you that I am going away for a short time."

"The deuce you are!" said Mr. Dacres, turning on him sharply, as he would on a witness suddenly discovered to be hostile.

"What's that for, Mr. West?"

"Well, chiefly for you and Miss Lucy; and I have mapped out the whole thing, and I want some information from you."

Then he proceeded to unfold his plans—the restoration of the family place—and added:

"You are very clever, but, I think, not the man exactly to deal with these sharks and Jews. I am accustomed to business, and a friend could make better terms. We will get you quite free, and start you fair again."

Dacres replied, with deep emotion, "West, you've a fine nature, and a delicate one, which I like better. I am not, indeed, up to these things. Would I were going with you! To be sure—yes! Why couldn't we start together?"

"That would destroy everything," said Mr. West, firmly. "No! There's Sir John Trotter; I am sure I know people that know him."

"Oh! my dear fellow, this overpowers me. Why, how shall I ever——"

"No thanks. To tell you the truth, this is not so much for you——"

"Ah! I know it is not," said the other, slyly. "Don't tell me, my boy! Don't. And she

deserves it—a diamond fit for a Jew. The wealth of Araby spread out at her feet, gold, incense, and myrrh, Golconda, and the rest of it, not one *bit* too much. She deserves it all, every halfpenny.”

“I know,” said Mr. West, interrupting these paternal raptures. “And I must bind you, most solemnly, not to breathe a word to *her*. I make this a point, and a solemn condition.”

“Will you have an oath?” said Mr. Dacres, with alacrity; “any one that’s binding on my conscience; kiss the book, sir. Hush! by the powers, here she is; not a word. It will only fetter and constrain her, the dear child! Well, Lulu, pet, how is poor mamma? Poor Mrs. D., sir, has a touch of the browns, sir; this blackguard weather always brings it to her. Heaven forgive me! I haven’t seen her since morning.”

And, with great delicacy, Mr. Dacres withdrew.

Lucy started when she saw the brother whose sister had visited her in the morning. Mr. West’s bright face, however, and cordial manner relieved her.

“I hope you enjoyed yourself last night, and always will when I am away.”

Again she started.

“Going away? Why, what’s the reason? Oh, you are not angry—”

“Angry,” he said, smiling. “No, I *must* go on family business. I shall not be long, so you will have a short holiday. And, now, will you promise me one thing—two things? First, to write to me very often.”

“Indeed I shall,” said she; “every day, if you wish.”

“No. Only when you have something to tell me—how you are getting on; how you are amusing yourself. And that brings me to my second request, that you *do* amuse yourself; see people you like; go to parties—what are called by courtesy, parties—as much as you can; just as if, in short—”

“I know what you mean, perfectly,” said Lucy, with her little air of confidence. “I remember our agreement. Surely,” she said, with some colour, “if I were to meet some poor soul who had suffered a great deal, and tried to soothe and comfort, to distract their thoughts, to listen to them, you would not think—”

“Just what I would wish you to do, and what I would expect from the gentle nature of Lucy Dacres.”

“If I spoke kindly to him—”

“*Him*?” repeated Mr. West, a little absently.

“Yes; to some poor wanderer over the face of the earth, like the Wandering Jew, you would not say I was a flirt?”

“No, my dear child,” said he, smiling. “But where are these Jews and helpless creatures to come from? I dare say I shall see more Jews than you. Ah! I know! Tell me, has my sister been with you?”

Lucy looked, confused, down on the ground. What sagacity and penetration he had! She admired him now. He rose up in some agitation.

“I knew this; I suspected this. This is what I shall leave behind. But don’t mind her; she means well, poor soul. It is all her love for me, which I do not deserve. She is indiscreet, soured if you like, and takes what she thinks to be the best way to advance my interest. I am sorry for this, deeply. She thinks the old-fashioned style to be the right way—a girl to be moping in a corner. Don’t mind her. Promise me.”

“You are so noble and so generous!” said Lucy, enthusiastically. “I promise you everything.”

He looked at her with great interest, and took her hand.

“I shall be back very soon. You know who is your friend—your true friend. And if there is any little difficulty—We shall have a breezy passage to-day; but that is what I like. They should have made me a sailor. Good-bye, dearest. Remember, write pretty often when you are in the humour, and, above all things, *amuse yourself*.”

Lucy’s face quite fell as she thought of losing her friend. “It is so sudden,” she said, “and so unkind of you!”

He went down the stairs, a little troubled. “What man but myself would do such a thing? But I am right. Yes. She shall be perfectly free. She shall come to me, not I to her.” The ugly thought, which he disliked, was still before him. “Old enough to be her father.”

His foot was on the last step, when a very handsome man—Spanish-looking—well dressed, distinguished, passed him with a bow, and went up-stairs. Mr. West looked after him, wondering. Then he looked up at the window. Lulu was waving her hand to him energetically, and his countenance cleared again in a moment. But the waving was interrupted, and the bright figure of “Lulu” had darted away from the window.

Alas! all that night, in the dull-lit cabin, when the steamer was plunging, rocking, creaking, heaving, groaning, roaring, that interrupted salutation would come back on him, and make him uneasy with many a pang.

CHAPTER XV. STORM.

FOR two days the gale continued at the little town, neither increasing nor subsiding. In the morning, as in the evening, the air was of the cold bluish-slate colour, and in the streets, in the shops where the owners sat, uncomfortable, with their doors fast closed, and doing no business, was heard the roar and tumbling of the breakers as at the back of a wall. No one went abroad, except a few enthusiasts, who would not give up their day’s walk, and who, having trudged to the top of the great cliffs, after being blown about, struggling with their hats, staggering to keep their feet, came down with news that the sight from thence was “awfully grand,” the sea far out in angry mist, and breaking and roaring in on the shore like a furious demon. No ships were seen.

Even the old Eagle, the daily boat, a stout, clumsy, dowdy packet that would bear any rude treatment, did not ply. The colony seemed a city of the dead, the little streets were empty. Sharp faces, with a pinched and desolate expression, peered out from the little windows hopelessly.

The way in which this change affected Mr. Dacres was almost pitiable. He lay in a chair, on a sofa, in the most miserable state of despondency, asking, over and over again, had he been born for this sort of thing—a man of his genius, wit, and parts. What was to become of him?—the bright hours of life passing away, the prizes slipping from him, and he would die in this miserable “expatriation.” Mr. Vivian came over again and again. Lucy was delighted with her new friend; to her the state of the weather was a purely indifferent thing. Happy those independent of such paltry influences! He was well read, fond of music, poetry, and what not; and Lucy, at her humble instrument, was happy to play and even sing for him, according to the instruction received at Miss Pringle’s from M. Pontet, the master at that establishment.

“I ought to be gone to-day,” said the colonel, “and yet I shall confess I am not sorry for this forced delay—”

“But why must you go?” said Lucy; “you might stay for the week, at least.”

“I shall be here again very soon,” he said. “I must come by this way shortly.” And he sighed and looked down.

“Why?” said Dacres, looking at him curiously, as if he were a witness.

“There is a dismal beat,” said the officer, coldly, “on which I must walk—for many years, I dare say.”

It came to be the third day. The night had been very stormy indeed, and tenants of the “little crockery” houses of the town (so an indignant colonist called them) were kept awake by angry roaring and moaning, and the sound of tiles bursting from the roof and clattering noisily down the street. When the dawn came, the streets were as clean and dry as though sweepers had been at work all night; the slate-colour had gone, and it was very dark and gloomy. There was a mysterious stillness along that flat, sandy, dismal track, which, for many miles, edges the French coast. The long avenue made by the two wooden piers was strained and cracking; and the fishermen, standing about idly, prophesied it would not bear much more. None of the boats were out. There was the *Hélène*, belonging to this port, and which was due in a day or two. Every one knew Captain Muret; none better than Madame Muret, in an old nightcap, who harangued the fishermen, now and again, that he would never put out in such weather. Muret had risen from the ranks, was the only fisherman of the place who was actually commander and part owner of a brig some three hundred tons burden. No wonder they had interest in Muret, or thought that the *Hélène* was the only vessel in the trade.

Captain Filby was out on this day. Strange to say, his spirits were not affected by this weather. He did not call it a “hole of a place.” He seemed rather to get respect for it. “A fine, bracing, hearty day, like one of our honest English gales. I didn’t think they had it in ’em. To see these creatures skulking and shivering about; they’re only half men.” Captain Filby even trudged vigorously to the top of the cliffs, and looked down over the tremendous scene, to where an awful black heavy curtain, charged with horror and destruction, was hanging over the English coast. “How they’re catching it over there!” he said. As he was looking, and holding on to his hat, he saw a black object far out at sea; it was coming on fast, and growing larger. “A ship, I declare,” he said, and got out his glass.

He watched it for a long time, and saw that it was a brig, labouring to keep well out. She had suffered a great deal, and her “poles” were bare enough.

“You won’t do it, my lads,” said the captain, coolly, “even if you are British; which I doubt. You have a finicking look about you.”

The captain came down leisurely, walked round by the port, and recognised a thin gendarme who was shivering in a doorway, feeling every blast of the wind like a stab, and told him there was a ship off the coast. Presently a motley crowd went down to the pier, and under shelter of a wall peeped out at the solitary vessel. It was now in far closer. Never is the struggle that rages between man and nature brought to such a satisfactory issue as in a storm. It is a fair battle, and in most instances, if not surprised, man wins. The boat was drawing nearer and nearer, and a clever young fisherman, with sharp eyes, made out, as it had been suspected from the first, that it was the *Hélène*, the cherished boat with Captain Muret on board. That news soon spread, and servants rushing up-stairs into dismal little rooms, with a dramatic tossing of arms and appeals to the “*bon Dieu!*” and tragic faces over the “poor children” who were being “assassinated” on the water. Tourlou, the oldest fisherman, said, confidently, that in about half an hour or forty minutes it would be all over!

Our Lucy was sitting in their little drawing-room with her mamma. “Papa Harco” was in bed, “not well; but I suppose it will end, one of these days!” He had “something on his chest,” he thought. Vivian was there, as usual, now reading, now talking, while Lucy and her mamma worked. It was about four o’clock, and Papa Harco was “thinking of getting upon his legs,” when with tears pouring down her cheeks the little landlady opposite burst in, and said that there was the most hideous misery going on down at the port; that the “poor children” were there in close on shore, perishing before our eyes; and that Jaques and the whole town was up there, looking on, and could do nothing.

“What!” said Vivian, excited, “is she gone ashore?”

But the little landlady could give no details. "I shall go out and see," he said, rising. "One might give a little advice. The French are so dull in everything about the sea. I shall be back in half an hour."

He went out. Lucy sat at the window. Half an hour went by, and he did not return. What was the meaning of this? There was no one to ask; for the whole town had gone up to the port.

As Vivian was going down to the port, he fell in with three sailors, whose dress, build, and bearing told him they were English seamen. They were coming out of the Nancy Baker, of Hull, who had brought coals for a factory that was some way from the town. They had just returned, and were going up where all the world were going. Vivian spoke to one, who proved to be the mate, a quiet, stolid young fellow, of about five-and-thirty, and whom he heard the men call John Davy. Davy said it was going to be a poor business, he was afraid.

They went along the wooden pier, past the large crucifix more than seven feet high, all gilt and painted, set up by the fishermen, and round whose foot was a whole cluster of praying women. Was there not here Jean's sister—he was in the *Hélène*—and Paul's wife, and many more distracted creatures, and the captain's own wife, the most collected and confident of them all, looking out, with her hands shading her eyes, to that eternal sheet of dull terrible slate, which was now and again lit up with flashes of white? There was a fringe of eager, painful faces, bent forward and looking out into the storm, with clasped hands and strained eyes, thus getting into the front. The present state of things was this: The brig was in a poor way, indeed, for there it lay, not two hundred yards away, grounded on the flat Dieppe shore, the bathers' paradise—a miserable black tenement, now visible, now swallowed up and devoured by an overwhelming rush of waves, which, when they retired, showed a black ragged mast and a few figures like flies hanging on it. At every disappearance there was a shriek and a wail from the shore; at every reappearance another cry and wail. "Oh, they will save them—they must save them!" Colonel Vivian heard some one say confidently, as they came up.

But these attempts were of the feeblest sort. They had tried to launch a boat, though no one had volunteered to go in it, and it was smashed into firewood at one crash against the pier. "It is hopeless—it is madness," said the French sailors, gloomily pointing to the fragments. Others had brought a rope to the cliffs, and were going through a laborious show of flinging it out. There were preparations of the same description being made with the same elaborate show, and to an enormous amount of gesticulation and chatter. John Davy gave one rapid glance up and down, took all in—the broken boat, the ropes—"with half an eye," and said aloud:

"Well, of all the Jack-a-donkeys I ever see! Why, they might as well throw them out a spool of cotton!"

There was an official air over the whole, also, for here were gendarmes and the mayor fussing about and directing, though there was nothing to be directed, and taking notes for the "verbal process" of the whole, which he would address to the prefect.

"Why," said Davy, "the men'll be lost afore their eyes while they are busy with their pack-thread. There's another of 'em off. I give 'em twenty minutes, and where will they be?"

"In God's name!" cried Vivian, growing excited, "can nothing be done? You are English sailors—I'll do what I can, if I only knew the way."

"Bill!" said Davy to his mate. "Our big boat might do it. I wouldn't be afraid to put her to it. We might coax her along 'tween the piers. She's broad and bluff enough; but there's only three on us."

"Well, I'll go too," said Vivian, growing more and more excited. "I could pull an oar with any man."

In a moment Vivian was explaining to the mayor what they were going to try. In a very few moments more nearly every one there knew that the brave Englishmen were going to do something—something, as the French there understood by instinct, that was very likely to succeed: for they had much confidence in the gifts of the islanders.

In another moment Davy and his mates were running to the Nancy Baker, had cast off her dirty, clumsy, broad, but serviceable boat, and had paddled, still within shelter of the pier, to a ladder which led down to the water.

"Now, my hearties," cried Davy from his boat, "who'll volunteer? There's room for two more."

Vivian, standing at the top of the ladder, hurriedly explained to the mayor what was wanted. The fishermen, the women, were all crowding on them, chatting, praying, pointing. The mayor turned to them, and began leisurely, and with a sort of dramatic gesture, to address them:

"Messieurs——"

But the Englishmen interrupt him bluntly—Davy with the oath of his country, and Vivian with:

"Encore deux places!" And he pointed below to the boat.

There was a death-like stillness, not a motion nor a sound.

"You are brave Frenchmen! We are four English about to try and save your countrymen. We cannot do it alone. You will help us, I know?"

There was another pause, a fresh stillness.

"Cowards!" said Davy from the boat. "I thought they were better men."

"Then we go alone," said Vivian, and turned to descend.

But they were not cowards. A dozen fishermen had rushed forward.

Vivian felt a light hand on his arm, and looked round, astonished.

"*You* here?" he cried.

A gentle face, its veil blown about by the gale, was looking up into his. It was pale and wistful.

"I would not stop you. Not for the whole world! It is indeed noble of you. I heard it all. God will watch over you and protect you."

"Ah," said Vivian, "if you were to know how happy and confident I feel! We shall do better now that you are looking on. *Now!* Come, friends, take your places. Davy, you pull stroke. I sit next you. You direct us."

Was it not like a blissful ray of the sun, and a sudden lulling of the winds and waves, as the hapless figures on the wreck saw the little black speck emerge swiftly from the piers? But how many perils were before them! what chances! for all the cruel imps of death were between them, floating like sharks.

Lucy, her hands all but clenched together, and, indeed, not so much thinking of her friend as of the superb devotion and splendid sacrifice of the whole, stood following them with her eyes, and a little gasp on her lips every time they sank down in the waves. Turning round for a minute, she found herself all but alone; for the whole crowd was on its knees apart, at the feet of the great crucifix. With a swift flutter she had joined them, and poured out her little soul in the most passionate entreaties. Even Captain Filby was heard to say, later:

"Begad, sir! I took off my hat, and prayed like a trooper!"

Some one gave a cry, and they were all on their feet again. The boat had been struck, as if by the fin of a whale, by a huge wave, and had filled. Here was an oar gone; one of the Frenchmen beaten nearly senseless; Davy waving his arms, the others stooping and trying to bale out the water. Again are the wistful faces and stooped figures bent forward. "They are lost! O mon Dieu! they will never accomplish it." They are at work again, now going forward a foot, now beaten back a dozen yards, whilst Davy, who has become coxswain, watched to give notice of the coming waves. They were not taking the direct course for the wreck. Again were there cries, "They will miss her; they will be carried out to sea; they have lost control." But an old French salt saw what Davy's plan was—to get to leeward of the wreck. At last, after about an hour's hard work, they succeeded.

It had grown dark, lanterns were brought down; but the spectacle was one of such absorbing interest that, had it lasted till midnight, the lookers-on could never have tired. The "Phare," faithless and theatrical guide, was blazing away, as if to mock the poor lost victims. As the heavy boat was carried within a few yards of the wreck, they were called on to throw themselves into the water, and were thence dragged out by hair, or hand, or any way. Three were lost, but five got safely into the boat. It was so dark, those on shore could not tell what was going on, and indeed presently lost sight of boat and all. Then agitation rose. But they had to wait an

hour more for the return. And oh! when there was a rush of lanterns to the pier, and the clumsy craft, crowded with figures, came suddenly out of the darkness, and swept by on the top of a great green wave like a hill, actually on a level with the top of the pier, a shout was raised that reached to the back streets of the town. The rare, gallant English sailors! Though a thousand stupid things be associated with the English abroad, a thousand such heroic deeds as this have redeemed them.

If there were prayers and gesticulations before, what was there now, as the noble fellows, drenched and beaten out of all human shape, staggered up? But the two who came last had to drag up an insensible figure, the slightest and tallest. A girl in a black silk dress, pale with cold, terror, and anxiety, stooping forward in the crowd, as he was laid on the ground, saw that it was what she dreaded, and gave a cry of despair and agony. "The poor child," said a tender-hearted fishwife; "it is her sweetheart! But, my God! what is that to those who have lost brothers, fathers, and husbands on this terrible night?"

ITALIAN ACADEMIES AND UNIVERSITIES.

SICILY claims the palm for having the first university in Italy. To Frederick the Second, King of Sicily, is the honour due of introducing the Italian language at his court (A.D. 1218). His courts at Naples and Palermo were the rendezvous of men of talent and of genius. In 1224, he founded the University of Naples, which soon flourished in that populous city; he opened various schools at Palermo and in other cities of Sicily; he reorganised the academy of Salerno—an academy of medicine, founded, it is supposed, by the Moors in the tenth century.

The crusades, which threw open the East to the populations of the West, unfolding to the admiring gaze of the less cultivated Europeans the treasures and the masterpieces of Greek literature and art, a school of jurisprudence established at Bologna, in which Irnerio (or Guarnerio) expounded the Roman law, and Guido Aretino a new system of music, led to the establishment of academies and universities in other cities of Italy. From 1314 to 1334 we find Cino di Pistoja lecturing at the universities of Perugia and Florence, and afterwards at Bologna, where Petrarch and Boccaccio were among his pupils. Giovanni Andrea, who, according to Tiraboschi, is the greatest lawyer that ever lived, was holding a course of lectures. His daughter Novella was so well instructed by her father that at times she used to lecture in his stead. On these occasions she sat behind a small curtain, that the attention of the students might not be distracted by her great beauty. In April, 1361, Boccaccio was sent on a special mission to Petrarch by the republic of Florence, offering him the chancellorship of the university

there. The Greek professorship at Florence was in 1363 conferred upon a Greek, on the recommendation of Boccacio. Leonzio Pilato was a man, according to Boccacio's description, of repugnant aspect and horrible features. He wore a long tangled beard, matted, as was his black, uncombed hair; he shunned all society; he possessed, however, a perfect knowledge of the language and literature of the Greeks, and was a pupil of the celebrated Barlaam. For two years he expounded the works of Homer, and translated the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* into Latin.* The revival of Greek literature is owing in a great measure to him and to the encouragement he received from his two patrons, Boccacio and Petrarch. This was the first chair of Greek literature established in Italy. At a great expense, Boccacio collected all the Greek manuscripts he could hear of, and for three years studied assiduously under Pilato. In Petrarch's letters to Boccacio there are many passages which throw considerable light upon this interesting subject. In a letter, dated 5th March, 1364, he thus describes to Boccacio the departure of Leonzio. "This Leonzio, notwithstanding my entreaties, more obdurate than the rocks he is about to encounter, left me shortly after your departure. Fearing lest, from continual intercourse with him, I should catch his ill humour—for the infirmities of the mind are as contagious as those of the body—I let him go, and gave him a Terence to beguile him on the way, a book of which he seemed especially fond, though I cannot explain what this most melancholy Greek has in common with that most lively African; so true it is that there are no dissimilarities that have not some point of resemblance. He embarked, uttering in my presence a thousand imprecations against Italy and the Latin name. He could scarcely have landed in Greece when I received a letter from him more rugged and of greater length than his beard, in which he lauds Italy above the skies, utters maledictions against Constantinople, and entreats me to invite him back, in terms of supplication such as Peter used when he found he was sinking." Leonzio perished on his way back.

Filippo Villani, who wrote *The Lives of Illustrious Florentines*, was in 1404 appointed public lecturer on Dante, at Florence.

The student of Italian literature will be astonished to find that the Italian language, which, in the fourteenth century, as poets, Dante and Petrarch had cultivated with so much elegance, and which Boccacio had raised almost to perfection by his tales in prose, should have become suddenly neglected and have fallen almost into decay. For nearly one hundred years after the death of Boccacio, which took place on the 21st December, 1375, no author of any eminence wrote in the Italian dialect. This is explained by the memorable events which occurred in the first part of the fifteenth

century. The great schism in the Church of Rome, which led to the Reformation, the art of printing discovered in Germany, and almost immediately transplanted to Italy, by increasing the copies of the ancient classics, the fall of the Eastern Empire,* and the consequent migration of many Greeks into Italy, gave an impulse to the study of Greek literature. The discoveries of Vasco di Gama,† of a new world by Columbus (1494), attracted the attention of the learned to scientific investigations. Libraries were established for public use, universities founded, professorships instituted.‡

But it must not be supposed that the Italian language was entirely forgotten. If men of learning and science preferred the idiom of the Greeks and Latins, the people learned by heart the verses of the *Divine Comedy* and the sonnets of Petrarch. Whilst the stately sage or assiduous student pored over Greek and Latin manuscripts, the light-hearted gondolier, on the other hand, hummed the ditties of Petrarch as he plied his oar, or sang them under the balcony of his mistress; and the muleteer, as he led his string of mules up the steep ascent of the Apennines, pondered over the mysteries of *Il Libro*; whilst the Hundred Tales elicited many an uproarious burst of laughter from the gay and thoughtless bachelor.

The works of Aristotle, Plato, Homer, Demosthenes, &c., became universally studied in the schools. Debating clubs, such as exist at Oxford and Cambridge, were established at the universities for the discussion of controversial points. Medals, inscriptions, statues, antiques of every description, were eagerly sought for. The foundation was thus laid for valuable museums and rare collections, private as well as public. Great progress in mathematics and astronomy was followed by the introduction of algebra and of the mariner's compass.

A point which cannot fail to strike the observant reader is the protection which the princes of Italy accorded to men of letters. Popes, emperors, kings, and princes eagerly sought the society of, and awarded the place of honour to, men of genius, whose friendship they courted. The sovereign power of intellect was acknowledged, and the hereditary nobility of rank held out a fraternal hand to the self-created nobility of talent. Amongst the princes of the fourteenth century who distinguished themselves as patrons of literature, Robert, King of Naples, holds a prominent place. His court (from 1309 to 1343) was not only one of

* Constantinople taken by the Turks, 1453.

† Doubles the Cape of Good Hope, 1491.

‡ Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from his accession in 1458 to his death in 1490, availed himself of the dispersion of libraries at Constantinople to purchase Greek manuscripts, and employed four transcribers at Florence, besides thirty at Buda, to enrich his collection. According to Panzar, the number of books printed in Italy from 1471 to 1480 was 1297.

* The manuscript is preserved in the library at Florence.

the most brilliant, but one of the most learned, of the age; he was the Meccenas of the fourteenth century. Two of the noblest patrons of literature that Italy ever possessed were Pope Nicholas the Fifth and Pope Leo the Tenth. The post of apostolic secretary, looked upon as the highest honour, was repeatedly conferred upon men of letters.

The Roman University had fallen into decay. The primary cause of this was the long sojourn of the popes at Avignon. Innocent the Seventh conceived the idea of re-establishing it. In the midst of the turmoils of the great schism, Innocent issued a bull, in which, after stating that in consequence of the unsettled times the schools of learning at Rome had become neglected, he announced that he had appointed learned professors in all the branches of the sciences and in the Greek tongue. His praiseworthy endeavours did not, however, succeed in re-establishing it on a permanent footing. The merit for achieving so desirable an end was reserved to Pope Eugenius the Fourth; but the university especially flourished under Nicholas the Fifth.

The University of Bologna had gradually fallen off in the middle of the fourteenth century, but, towards the close of the century, was resuming its pristine high reputation. At the commencement of the fifteenth century it was in high repute, numbering among its professors some of the most learned scholars in Italy, as Guarino, Filelfo, and Aurispa. Filelfo relates that when he went there to assume his duties as professor, in 1428, such a large number of professors came to welcome him that nothing more honourable can be imagined. The Cardinal of Arles, the legate at Bologna, sent for him immediately on his arrival, and received him with every mark of distinction. He was allowed a salary of four hundred and fifty scudi, namely, three hundred from the city, and one hundred and fifty from the private purse of the legate, who, moreover, presented him with a purse of fifty scudi and other valuable presents. In the same year a revolutionary movement took place at Bologna, and for the three following years the university was deserted. In 1450, the university was rebuilt by Cardinal Bessarione. He offered high salaries to the most learned professors, and aroused the emulation for study among the youth of Bologna by prizes and rewards. Nicholas the Fifth conferred various privileges upon the university. Students from all parts of Europe flocked to Bologna. Christian, King of Denmark, visited it in 1474. Desirous that two of his courtiers should receive diplomas—one of law, the other of medicine—the ceremony took place in the church of San Pietro. Elevated seats having been prepared for the professors who had to confer the diplomas, a more elevated seat was raised for the king, who, out of respect for the university, declined taking possession of it, declaring that he should deem it the highest honour to be seated side by side with men whom all the world held in such high esteem.

Whilst under the rule of the lords of Carrara, the University of Padua was in a flourishing condition. Having fallen to Venice, in 1406, the Venetians voted the sum of four thousand ducats for the benefit of the university—a sum which was annually voted in subsequent years. A papal bull, issued by Pope Eugenius the Fourth, in 1439, conferred various privileges upon the university. The Venetian senate, in its desire to render the university as flourishing as possible, prohibited the establishment of public schools in other cities of the republic—an impolitic and arbitrary act, which led to the emigration of many of her sons. Venice, the capital, was an exception to the act. The University of Venice was in such high repute that it did not fear a rival. The senate decreed, however, that the degrees of philosophy and medicine only should be conferred at Venice, whilst Padua had the exclusive right of conferring those of divinity and law.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the University of Pisa had greatly fallen off. The city was annexed to the Florentine republic in 1406. The university had nearly been swamped by that of Florence. The Florentines, aware of the advantages which Pisa offered as a place of study, and well understanding that two universities could not co-exist so near each other in the same state, turned all their attention to Pisa. The University of Florence had gone through many changes; at one time well attended, at another deserted, supported or neglected by turns by the authorities. Guarino and Aurispa gave lectures there in 1428. Filelfo went there from Bologna, and his lectures seem to have been well attended. Under Lorenzo di Medici the University of Florence reached the height of its prosperity. In 1472, a decree of the senate transferred the University of Florence to Pisa. A papal brief of Pope Sixtus the Fourth, issued in 1475, empowered the Florentines to levy a tax of five thousand ducats for five years upon the church property for the benefit of the new university. In 1479, in consequence of the devastations of the plague, the university was transferred to Pistoja, but only for one year. The plague having again made its appearance at Pisa in 1481, the classes migrated to Prato, but after three months the lectures were resumed at Pisa. In 1485, from a similar cause, the classes were again opened for a time at Prato.

Florence and Pisa were not the only cities of Tuscany that boasted universities. The University of Siena stood in high repute in the fifteenth century. Filelfo, who appears to have been ubiquitous, held a course of lectures there when compelled to leave Florence in 1435. For two years he received the annual salary of two hundred and fifty florins.

The University of Arezzo had fallen into decay; and when the city was annexed to Florence, the students all left for Pisa.

The University of Pavia stood in good repute in the fifteenth century, both as regards the eminence of the professors and number of

students. In the chronicles of Piacenza, mention is made of a Cardinal Branda Castiglione, a Milanese, and bishop of that city, who at the commencement of the fifteenth century founded a college at Pavia, at which twenty-five young men of Piacenza, selected by the bishop of that city, were to be educated. The university was most frequented by the Milanese. On the death of Philip Maria Visconti in 1447, Pavia having thrown off allegiance to Milan, the youth of Milan were prohibited studying there. The consequence was, that, though embroiled in war, the Milanese established a university of their own. When Sforza was proclaimed Duke of Milan, the University of Pavia was again frequented by the Milanese. The Sforza proved themselves good patrons. Louis, surnamed the Moor, erected a university at Pavia. A poet of that day, Lancino Corte, has recorded in doggerel Latin verse the fame of this university. Duke Louis did not, however, neglect the schools of Milan. In addition to the professorship of Greek and elocution, he established professorships of history and of music. Two noble Milanese, Tommaso Grassi and Tommaso Piatti, bequeathed large sums to the schools of their native city (1470).

Universities also existed at Piacenza, Novara, and Ferrara. The latter was opened with great solemnity by the Marquis Albert of Este, in 1391. At a later period, Guarino and Aurispa gave lectures there.

The University of Naples flourished in the fifteenth century.

The University of Turin was founded in the year 1405, by Louis, Prince of Savoy. He was an adherent of the Anti-Pope Benedict the Thirteenth, who issued a bull conferring various privileges upon the new university. These privileges were confirmed by the Emperor Sigismund in 1412, and also by Pope John the Twenty-third. Amadeus the Eighth, first Duke of Savoy, who succeeded Prince Louis, added new privileges to it in 1424. The plague having committed great ravages at Turin, the university was transferred to Chiesi, from whence again, in consequence of the pestilence, it was removed to Savigliano, from which town, in 1437, it was transferred back to Turin. Additional privileges were granted by Louis, the son of Amadeus, and by Pope Eugenius the Fourth. For a short period the classes were transferred to Moncalieri, but back again to Turin in 1459.

The University of Parma was also founded in the fifteenth century (1412). It owes its origin to Nicholas the Third, Marquis of Ferrara, to whom the city belonged.

As already observed, it was Pope Eugenius the Fourth who carried out the plan of Innocent the Seventh with regard to the University of Rome; but the protection afforded by those popes to education and literature sinks into comparative insignificance by the side of the noble patronage of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, who, in the eight years of his pontificate, did more for literature in Italy than all his predecessors.

It is a golden page we read in the history of

Italy, when we find that, even in the midst of dire feuds and civil war, a neutral ground was allowed for science, literature, and the fine arts. The lords of Montferrat, the Dukes of Urbino, the lords of Rimini, the Gonzaga, the Este, vied with royal houses in furthering education and in their patronage to literature. The Marquis of Mantua ordered a seminary to be built for the education of his children, to which other children were admitted. It was a noble mansion, with halls and galleries; on the walls were depicted the joyous sports of children, whence it acquired the name of "Casa giocosa." This academy, for it soon rose to such, became frequented by young men from France, from Germany, and from Greece, and achieved a celebrity not inferior to that of the first universities.

The Medici, with whose name that of Nicholas the Fifth is intimately connected, did good service in the establishment of libraries and academies. When only a young clerical student, Tomaso di Sarzana (afterwards Pope Nicholas the Fifth) was engaged by Cosmo di Medici to assist him in arranging the library of San Marco, the foundation of the celebrated library in Florence, known as the "Biblioteca Marciana." It was Nicholas the Fifth who laid the foundation of the Vatican library. Clement the Fifth, when he transferred the papal see to Avignon, carried along with him the manuscripts which then formed the pontifical library. There they remained till the year 1417, when Martin the Fifth took them back to Rome. Under the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, the library was very scanty. Ambrogio Camaldese, who visited Rome in 1432, published an account of the libraries of the Holy City. Amongst others, he mentions that of Cardinal Orsini, a great portion of which had been sent to Perugia, where the cardinal had been appointed legate; another, especially attached to the Church of St. Cecilia, especially mentioning a codex of twenty-nine homilies; another library, which he styles "Biblioteca del Papa," distinguishing it from the "Biblioteca di San Pietro," the latter being probably the property of that church. He says that he found few manuscripts of value in either. Nicholas the Fifth undertook the task of collecting a library on a large scale in Rome. He sent emissaries to all parts to collect Latin and Greek manuscripts without regard to expense. He engaged the most eminent men to copy them, and paid them handsomely. In this manner he collected five thousand volumes. Death prevented him carrying out his design of throwing open a public library for the use of the Romans. Pope Calixtus the Third, who succeeded Nicholas the Fifth, spent forty thousand scudi in adding manuscripts to the collection commenced by Nicholas. It was not till the pontificate of Sixtus the Fourth that the Vatican library was thrown open to the public.

When exiled from Florence, Cosmo di Medici founded a library in the monastery of St. George, which he left as a donation to Venice, as a mark of his gratitude for the hospitality he

received when he sought refuge there. On his reinstatement to power, Cosmo founded the celebrated Laurentian library at Florence, called after his son Lorenzo, who greatly enriched it. Another Florentine of large fortune, Niccolò Niccoli, devoted his wealth to a similar purpose. He collected a library of eight hundred volumes in the Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages; but his liberality exceeded his means. He died poor in 1436. Cosmo was appointed one of sixteen trustees, and he undertook to pay all Niccolò's debts, if allowed sole disposal of the library. This was agreed to, and the books were placed for public use in the Biblioteca Marciana. A building was erected by Cosmo, divided into separate compartments or chambers devoted respectively to manuscripts in different languages.

The Academy of Platonic Philosophy, founded by Cosmo, is the first institution that assumed the name of "Academy" in Italy. The academicians were divided into three categories—the patrons [*mecenati*], the hearers [*ascoltatori*], and the novices or disciples, consisting of young aspirants to philosophy. Their great festival was held on the thirteenth of November, the anniversary of the birth and death of Plato. The superintendence of the academy was entrusted to Marsilio Ficino, the son of Cosmo's private physician.

"In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian by his side, Lorenzo* delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment. Never could the sympathies of the soul with outer nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence which the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral—a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates, as Michael Angelo called them, worthy of paradise; the tall and richly decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine with the fresco of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella (in the language of the same great man), as beautiful as a bride; of Santa Croce, second only to the Cathedral of St. Mark;

and of San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi—the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the Signory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelph aristocracy, the exclusive but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family before they fell, as others had already done in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power. The prospect, from an elevation of a great city, is one of the most impressive as well as beautiful we ever beheld. Mountains, bright with various hues and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and on most sides, at no great distance, but embosomed in these, were other villas and domains. Herds of buffaloes pastured in the valley down which the yellow Arno steals silently through the long reaches to the sea."*

Ficino held a course of public lectures on Platonic philosophy, which were attended by the most celebrated men of the day.

Under Leo X. (son of Lorenzo di Medici), the University of Rome rose to pre-eminence. The most learned professors were induced by liberal offers to hold lectures; young Greeks of promising talent were invited to Rome with a view to spread among the Roman youth a better knowledge of, and love for, Greek classics. The new Pope appointed as his secretaries Pietro Bembo and Jacopo Sadoletto, the two most elegant Latin writers of the day. The Vatican library was entrusted to Beroaldo. There was not a man of note, poet, artist, or orator who did not turn his looks or wend his steps towards the holy city, and every man of merit met with a hospitable welcome from the magnanimous pontiff. The published letters of Leo X., chiefly with Bembo and Erasmus, are so many potent proofs of his exertions for the promotion of literature. Aided by the genius of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, the magnificent Basilica of the Vatican rose at his command.

Amongst the academies of Italy, the Accademia della Crusca, or Academy of the Sieve, implying that the good grain alone was taken, held a prominent position. A violent attack upon Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, in the magazine issued by the academy in 1578, supposed to have been written by Salviati, gave great offence to the poet. This academy counted amongst its members some of the most learned men of Italy.

In 1587, the University of Genoa was in high repute. It offered Tasso a salary of four hundred gold crowns for a course of lectures on ethics and Aristotle.

* At Cosmo's death, Lorenzo di Medici became the patron of the academy.

* Hallam.

Of the ecclesiastical colleges and existing monasteries at Rome at the present day we do not speak. Florence has become the capital of Italy, and within her classical precincts a great portion of the youth of Italy will meet to pursue their studies, without detriment to the universities and academies of the other great cities of Italy.

GOLD WORKS WONDERS.

RICHARD of spendthrifts was the chief,

There ne'er was such another;

A barrister without a brief,

No money, and no bother.

'Twas hard that he, so gay and free,

Should have an elder brother.

He paid no tailor for his coat,

His duty was to wear one.

He often lacked a five-pound note,

But ne'er a friend to share one.

In bliss, his voice exclaimed "Rejoice,"

In sorrow, "Grin and bear it."

His purse was empty,—yet he spent

As though his path were sunny;

Borrowed at twenty-five per cent,

And gave away the money.

(A fellow-drone could always own

A little of the honey.)

Luck turned at last, the brother died,

For Death will not spare any,

And Dick—the lord of acres wide,

I dare not say how many,

Inherited, the gossips said,

A very pretty penny.

His friends are now left in the lurch,

His manner's dry and chilling,

He'll give a hundred to a church,

A neighbour not a shilling;

But, as they go, he'll mumble low,

"Unable, not unwilling."

Write him a tale of woe, his eye

Turns upward in the socket;

And then he lays your letter by,

With date and careful docket.

Call, and I doubt you'll find him out

Of temper, town, or pocket.

Can gold work wonders? Yes it can:

The cruel exorciser

Has changed an honest thriftless man

Into a grasping miser;

Less foolish, true, than him we knew,

But not a whit the wiser.

THE HISTORY OF A SACK OF CORN.

FIRST CHAPTER.

VASSILI IVANOVITCH DOOYOMALSKY is a prince and a pedlar. It is not a forced expression to call him a pedlar. He is a general dabbler in other men's business; a marauder on the border-lands of lawful trade, pocketing its profits and shirking its responsibilities. He will and can sell anything. I put the word "will" first because there is no sort of doubt about his willingness; but many men who would cheerfully sell anything whatever, from their words to their wardrobes, have frequently some difficulty in settling for the purchase

money. The difference between Vassili Ivanovitch and other men is that he has no difficulty at all, and that he is not only ready but able to find a market always open for his wares. They are a queer assortment, if plainly catalogued. A droschky, a fur pelisse, some furniture in several cities, a few stray houses, a dozen forks and spoons, a principality in Wallachia, a silver teapot, a railway concession, any number of grand crosses, stars, and ribands, a miscellaneous stock of titles of nobility, a villa in the Crimea, a trotting horse, a palace just built (except the staircase and windows) and splendidly furnished, a pianoforte by Erard, a Cremona fiddle, a steam plough, a thrashing-machine, a cigar-case, half a dozen standing crops of wheat, over fifty thousand acres, each crop more or less, a circular saw, a pardon for forging bank-notes or for arson, commissariat contracts, a monopoly for the sale of brandy among a population warranted always tipsy, leave of absence from the army, places, commissions, and promotions, signal vengeance on one's enemy, judicial sentences, reversals of the same or other sentences, decisions on appeal cases, and all other things that may be bought in Russia.

Being of no country in particular, excepting that he trades only partly in Russia and partly in the Moldo-Wallachian provinces of the Lower Danube, where divorces are the rule rather than the exception, he will even woo a wife for somebody else, arrange all details of property or settlements, and marry her himself for a consideration, if the article is found unsuitable after the preliminaries are concluded. His terms are moderate, and he executes all orders with promptitude and attention, if not paid in advance, when it has been observed that he is liable to some defects of memory.

But his especial glory is hunting up lawsuits, and managing them. As there are no solicitors in Russia, and as the code (in this respect not altogether unlike a code nearer home) is in such a wonderful state of confusion that sound legal pretext may be found either for doing or for not doing whatever sharp folks have a mind to accomplish, this law-hunting is a very profitable business. The law-hunter is agent, solicitor, counsel, and often judge, all rolled into one; which is convenient, and prevents mistake or unnecessary division of profits. The trade is so lucrative, that large estates are sometimes got out of a single suit. It thus happens that the princely Dooyomalsky has recently become possessed of a fine property, situated most conveniently, partly on the Bessarabian frontier, and partly on the Moldavian, or partly in Russia and partly out of it. He has selected it out of three estates which he has just gained to the amazement of the last plaintiff, and to the utter bewilderment and consternation of the last defendant, who have had dealings with him. He has chosen this estate because a ripe experience has convinced him that almost anything may be done, or not done, with land so favourably situated; and the beautiful intricacy of the law becomes still more complicated when it has to

deal with a domain under two different governments, jealous and at war with each other, while envious neighbouring states are sulkily looking on. He has found his account before under such circumstances, and he knows very well that he will be practically his own monarch, lord chancellor, and council, in this favoured locality. He has come to the large corn exporting port of NICOLAIEV, to meet a railway contractor, to sell him the right of way through his newly acquired property, and to persuade him incidentally into buying the next year's wheat crop—on his recently acquired land—which last he looks upon as a minor consideration.

It must be observed that no one thinks of sticking to one trade in Russia, and the contractor is as ready to buy wheat as he would be to buy twenty thousand tea-kettles or a French local newspaper. He and the prince perfectly understand each other, and have had a running account for many years. Nevertheless, the nobleman has got the best of it. He has bamboozled that contractor. He has got an advance on his next year's crops; he has made a handsome thing of the right of way; and he has sold the estate altogether to a Greek orange-dealer, suddenly enriched at the expense of Lloyd's by fraudulent wrecks and insurances.

All this comes to a pretty round sum, even when the bigwigs at St. Petersburg, whom it will not do to offend, have had their share out of it. So, with both pockets full of money, away goes my prince to dine with the local governor, admiral, or chief personage then and there present. After dinner, at about nine o'clock, he adjourns to meet a fine party assembled elsewhere, especially in his honour.

From one end to the other of Russia my prince is renowned for the charm of his wit, the variety of his information, and the extraordinary vivacity of his conversation. His voice in singing would make the fortune of a tenor. His figure is very remarkable, tall, stalwart, florid, bright-eyed, dark, pleasant, winning. He is one of those rare Russians who is at once humorous and scholarly. He has travelled, thought, acted in many countries, and he is one of the sharpest men of business known among the human race. His profession, indeed, is so good that it naturally absorbs all the best needy men in Russia, as the church did in Western Europe during the middle ages.

From nine in the evening till one in the morning my prince keeps his hearers enthralled. He is delighted with everything, and it is good to see with what harmless nothings he can be amused, and what a singular grace he gives to them. Of course he is king of the company, although it is composed of two serene highnesses, an ex-ambassador, and other notabilities; for indeed he is an important ally; and though it is not advisable to let him know too much of one's affairs lest he should scent out a lawsuit, yet he is a powerful friend in case of need, and can do things to surprise all men. There is probably nothing in Russia that he could not do for an adequate consideration;

and, strange to say, I am not writing of an individual, but of a class; a class small, indeed, but one which numbers some hundreds among its members; a class which has a representative in every phase of Russian society, and in every city, town, and village throughout the empire.

Most people present have something to say to my prince. They watch their opportunity, and as everybody is laughing at some brilliant sally or odd story, they walk him off behind pillars and statuettes towards bow-windows or conservatories, and talk to him earnestly. Most serious business in Russia among gentle and simple is done in this way, cigarette in hand. But everything comes to an end, and after a champagne supper, served at midnight, for it is the custom to dine early, my prince grows restless.

He is to start for his newly won, mortgaged, and sold estate early in the morning, to make arrangements for getting something more out of the purchaser than the mere purchase-money he has already received. He knows that he will find fifty ways of doing this, and that it needs no previous thought at all; so meantime he will just look in for half an hour at the club of nobles. His wife, a fat, inert, extinct princess, utterly sat upon and subdued, knows very well what that means. She tries a feeble remonstrance; and his kind host and hostess feel a genuine sorrow to see him go. His wife is precious as enabling him to claim rights of nationality in Moldavia, of which rich thriftless land she is a native born; but her counsels influence him little. He has a vain-glorious, boyish, and thoroughly Russian pleasure in trying to seem wayward and extravagant in the eyes of his host and hostess; so the gallant Dooyoumalsky is off immediately after supper. He hums a tune from Don Giovanni as he pockets his stars and decorations on the staircase, and the next minute his droschky is heard hurrying out of the court-yard.

At dawn, some hours later, a flushed and tipsy gentleman, accompanied by half a dozen smoking-companions, all eagerly talking and gesticulating at the same time, reels into the hotel yard, where a travelling-carriage and a stout muffled-up lady are waiting for him to depart. The whole company kiss each other, cross each other very noisily and fussily, and then away go the post-horses, bursting into a headlong gallop as they speed towards the corn-lands in the interior.

Nothing is said about it—that would be waste of breath, for the thing has happened so often, and will happen so often again—but the fact is, that Dooyoumalsky has just lost his new fortune. Between one and eight o'clock on an autumn morning he has gambled away every rouble of the money just received, and a very large sum beside. When he takes his seat near his wife in the travelling-carriage, he is penniless for the twentieth time. This would not signify much, but for the debt of honour he has just incurred at the club. *That* must be paid anyhow; and the standing crops, on which he expatiated so much to the purchaser of the

estate, will just pay it, if he can get them reaped in time. Then, of course, there must be a wrangle about the conditions of the purchase, and, perhaps, while that is going on, he may be able to sell the land over again. At all events, he has not yet given up possession, and has no intention of completing the transaction for many a day. So my prince goes to sleep very contentedly, and wakes up, after a stage or two, to sing duets with his wife till the end of the journey.

So the crop is re-sold, the debt of honour is paid, and months roll uneventfully away. My prince is at St. Petersburg, or elsewhere, doing a larger business than ever, and merely flashes from time to time, like a comet, upon the benighted country districts. But his wife is still residing, as lady of the land, upon the estate sold to the orange-dealer. That worthy has long ago convinced himself that it would not be prudent to disturb her; and can only shriek his complaints to the winds in lonely places, or whisper them softly to the wall in the strict privacy of his own apartment when the doors are locked. Otherwise he might have to do with the secret police, who are retained by the omnipotent magnate who has cozened him.

The land is all bare, quite bare, as if it had been occupied and plundered by a hostile army. Not an ox, or a sheep, or a chicken throughout the length and breadth of it; nothing but a few lean swine and an old goose or two, who escaped by a miracle when my prince swept everything off to pay the debt of honour. The princess lives chiefly on dried mushroom-soup and maize-pudding; sometimes her chief butler—an indispensable personage in all Russian establishments—forages for a roebuck or a hare. This, with a salted cabbage, when it can be got, is the poor lady's diet; and she is contented, seeing that she has got a stock of the prince's cigars, which were left behind by accident, to comfort her. But time wears on apace, and the land must be sown. Here is a dilemma. There is not a single grain left of last year's crops for seed-corn. The hawk-eyed man who came from Nicolaiev with the carts swept every grain of it into them. Dooyounalski, on urgent appeal, telegraphs to his wife to beg some of a neighbouring prince, who is not a pedlar, but a staid prosperous gentleman, and who was, moreover, an old friend and admirer of the poor lady. Subsequently, lest his telegram should be incomprehensible, as most Russian telegrams are, my prince himself composes a pitiable and romantic tale for her, which he sends, in a registered letter, by post. Here he discusses the arguments most likely to obtain the seed-corn, and draws a touching picture of his own recklessness. His wife copies and sends this letter in her own name to the good neighbour, whose eyes grow dim when he reads it. He at once replies that he will give what is asked of him, and feels his heart grow warmer as his messenger, on the fleetest pony of his herd, passes over the hills at a canter.

So Demetri, the chief butler, is despatched with a long string of carts to bring the seed-

corn. These are borrowed from one of the prince's clients, who happens just then to be under sentence for forging a will, and who knows my prince can get it promptly reversed. So that things generally favour the lady, and all difficulty of transport is overcome this once without need of ready money.

A full week has elapsed since the chief butler ought to have returned; but he does not appear. After a few days more, however, somebody else comes instead. This is a German pedlar. He is a very different person to his princely fellow-tradesman; but he is quite as well known and indispensable an individual; for nothing whatever can be done in Russia without a go-between, and he is that go-between. He and his brethren so swarm over the land, that it is hard to buy a block of firewood or a quire of writing-paper without their interference. Direct dealing of all kinds is unknown, and all business must go through a middleman. Thus, though the small pedlar, whose operations are confined to one locality, is not so fine a fellow as the great pedlar, he has nevertheless a thriving trade of his own, which is quite as profitable in its way, as well as even steadier and quicker in its returns. The small pedlar comes to say that he knows all about the chief butler. That excellent man has fallen ill; and he has been to Yassy. He will arrive in a few days. So says the pedlar, and, as he says it, his demeanour presents a fine study of semi-barbarous manners. He is more abject and self-abased in his humility than is readily conceivable by the British mind. Yet he knows that the tawdry forlorn lady before whom he prostrates himself is absolutely in his power, and is unable to move hand or foot but by his permission. All struggle against him is out of the question; his web is far too wide and too strong to render escape possible. His humility is merely part of his stock-in-trade. It is profitable; there is no dealing with a princess without it; that is the secret of it—nothing more.

By-and-by the chief butler does return. But his aspect is lugubrious. He has a doleful story to relate. He has been insulted, outraged, on his mission. In vain he has protested; he has done all and more than a man can do; but the neighbouring prince's agent has afflicted and beaten him (not the neighbouring prince himself, who is all goodness, but his agent). The chief butler weeps. He requires to be comforted with hot tea and kind words before he can explain that, in consequence of the insults heaped upon him, he has but a poor account to give of the seed-corn. He has been all the way to Yassy, to offer an image to the church of his patron saint there, in order that his journey might be prosperous (here the chief butler crosses himself); yet Fortune has not gone with him. His language is very picturesque and beautiful as he relates these mishaps, and he flatters his mistress now and then with infinite address. As for the seed-corn, there is some, such as it is, but not much; and that is spoiled. Most of the oxen sent with the carts died on the way to

Yassy; many of the carts are missing too. "Woe is me!" says the chief butler, and beats his breast. He is a sly, podgy man; but his decorous robe and his grave beard entirely preserve him from looking comic. It is remarked that for some days after this, whenever he is wanted, he is found chuckling in corners and in spirit cellars with the pedlar, and that he is constantly drunk; but he takes sedulous care never to recover his cheerfulness in the presence of his mistress till the transaction about the corn is beginning to fade from her memory.

His story, unaccountable as it is, inadequately represents the true state of the case. Except a few damp, mouldy, shrunken bags made of matting in one of the carts, he has brought back no visible seed-corn at all. At this crisis, however, the pedlar, who has suddenly become a warm friend and adviser of the perplexed household, is ready with a remedy. He knows a Greek mercantile house who will supply seed-corn under an arrangement that he will undertake to make, if his travelling expenses are paid to Nicolaiev, and if a small commission is added for his trouble.

The chief butler, who possesses the prince's authority to sign agreements in his name, must go too; and they will start at once. "But there is no money," says the princess, ruefully. "How am I to pay your commission?" "Ah!" says the chief butler, "the saints will give that." Let the princess only be happy, and this jewel of a chief butler will persuade this pearl of a pedlar to induce the benevolent Greek mercantile firm to take an order on next year's corn, and pay any money that may be presently required. The pedlar crosses his hands over his breast, and then bows very low, hat in hand. He also takes occasion to edge in a little request of his own. He has got a friend, a poor, honest man, who has been taken up by mistake, for passing forged bank-notes. He is a very poor man with a large family; and therefore the pedlar hopes that the princess will write to her august husband and get him a pardon. She will, and does it.

All this being duly promised and settled, the pedlar disappears for some days, and then, in a string of carts that reaches from the lady's lodgings to the furthest barn, comes the seed-corn at last. There is enough to sow some sixty thousand acres, packed in strong shower-proof sacks full to bursting. Here is corn, indeed, and the pedlar, who heads the procession, staff in hand, once more bares his head and bows himself to the earth, as a good man who has done unexpected service more than well: as the servant may have bent himself before Abraham when he had returned from the city of Nahor.

What strikes my princess as rather curious, however, is that these lusty corn-sacks are all marked with the well-remembered cypher and coronet of her old admirer. One sleepy Wallack, too, who seems to be in charge of the carts, goes down on his knees in the mud and takes a letter out of the breast of his sheepskin; but he

is hustled away with blows by the pedlar for presuming to address the illustrious lady, so she can make nothing of it. Years afterwards—for intercourse among distant friends is rare in Russia—she will learn that the first corn got from her old friend was sold by the chief butler and the pedlar at Yassy. The second supply was obtained by a specious story that her husband was dead; and the journey to Nicolaiev, the benevolent mercantile firm, and all the rest of the narratives related to her, represent an ingenious fiction which her husband will be the first to laugh at when he hears of it. However, here is the seed-corn now, and although the season is very far advanced, it may still be sown with some chance of its coming up. Perhaps a fifth or a tenth of it really is sown; perhaps a little more, perhaps a little less, no great difference either way. In any case, there will be enough to meet the assignments made in the prince's name to the pedlar's correspondent at Nicolaiev, for he himself transferred them before the ink on the signatures was dry. So the first scene of this comedy closes, with a few peasants, men and women, hired at wages of about two shillings a day each, straggling away over the fields to sow the wheat. The pedlar, who farms their labour, follows them with a barrel of vodka, to coax out of them whatever they may have earned or stolen from any one else. But it is to be especially noted that he does not dispense the vodka himself, he merely looks on while another man does it. The pedlar, indeed, never does anything himself. He is merely present at the business. So many a dishonest hatful of the seed-corn returns to the vodka waggon, and is sold and resold a dozen times before it is used in any other way.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

MUTINIES IN THE NAVY.

THE year after Lord Bridport's victory over the French, great and just discontent prevailed among the sailors of our fleet. Lord Chatham seems to have been a blundering First Lord, and his successor, Lord Spencer, a mischievous one.

As early as 1794, the seamen had had many grievous causes of complaint. They were treated rather as oxen penned up for the butcher than as human beings, with hearts to feel, and brains to resent, injustice. That terrible old Tartar, Lord St. Vincent, had once kept our fleet at sea, blockading Brest, for one hundred and three days. Long after this, Nelson watched off Toulon for thirty months, only going on shore, in that period, three times—an hour each time. These tedious blockades, so ruinous to ships and so exhausting to sailors, who, perhaps, half the time, had scanty provisions and insufficient sleep, were strongly disapproved of by Lord Howe, and afterwards by Lord Nelson.

Another cause of complaint in the navy was the capricious and purposeless transfer of crews from one vessel to another. Lord Nelson, at a later date, protested strongly against

this heartless and irrational practice, which kept captains and their men always strangers, and prevented the seamen getting attached to a special ship in that filial, and almost superstitious way, so truthfully shown by our best naval novelist, Marryat, whose books were written in the very midst of the life he described.

A third great grievance was that many of the older vessels were not thoroughly seaworthy. Sailors are wild, reckless fellows; but they will not put out to sea in coffins. Lord Melville afterwards confessed that when he came to the helm, he found a fleet of worn-out ships, that required doubling, cross-bracing, and patching up to prepare them for the rough pummelling at Trafalgar. It was also found necessary to reinforce our crippled squadrons by "donkey frigates," and by those attenuated cheap seventy-fours that the sailors called the "Forty Thieves." It was partly to the weakness and incapability of an enemy that disregarded its navy, that we were indebted for our victories at sea.

Another intolerable grievance among sailors was the cruel and despotic system of impressment. Merchant seamen coming home sick and weary from long cruises on the coast of Africa and dangerous coasting voyages in the West Indies, were seized in the Channel, at the Nore, or at St. Helen's, dragged into tenders, and hurried off, without seeing home or friends, for five or six years more of compulsory misery and privation. Slavery itself could not boast a more iniquitous form of tyranny and oppression. The ringleaders of mutineers, it was observed, had generally been impressed men.

As for the cruel yet almost ludicrous injustice in the distribution of naval prize money we need say little, as the complaint still continues both in the army and the navy, and it frequently happens that the War Office and the Admiralty delay such days of settlement until death lessens the number of recipients.

Sailors are not reflective men, but even they could see through the hard-heartedness, injustice, and stupidity of the Board of Admiralty. In 1783, just after Lord Howe took the place of Keppell as First Lord, a mutiny broke out in the ships at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Sheerness. The crews had been told that they were to be sent to the West Indies—even the crews of the vessels just returned from those detested and dangerous ports. The *Janus* (44) headed the outbreak, the men keeping their officers under hatches, and refusing to let the captain, who had gone on shore, return on board. The captain at last, finding an opportunity to return, harangued the men, and confessed that the ship was to be kept in commission, and was destined for the American station. The men grew stark mad at this; would hear no more, and rushed down to their quarters with lighted matches, prepared to fire on any boats that approached them. The port admiral instantly wrote to Lord Howe, who came down at once from London boldly and alone. The side of the *Janus* was manned by the mutineers, and the side ropes put over with all

honours and with the greatest respect. Lord Howe then desired all hands to be called, and harangued them reproachfully on the quarter-deck. He assured them he was always ready to listen to any complaints, and he promised them that the *Janus* should be at once paid off, contrary to the intention of his predecessor. The men gave three cheers. The "sailors' friend" had crushed the mutiny by an act of kindness, kindly done.

A few months after this, a mutiny also broke out in the *Raisonné* (Captain Lord Harvey), just returned from the Leeward Islands. The ship was ordered to Chatham, to be paid off. The men, tired of work, declared they would not go round, but would have their money at once in Portsmouth harbour. They had already begun to unmoor the ship, when Lord Harvey ordered twelve of the ringleaders to be seized and put into irons. The mutiny then ceased. At the court-martial, seven sailors were sentenced to death, three were sentenced to three hundred lashes, and two were acquitted. Three only, however, eventually suffered, and, at Lord Harvey's intercession, the punishment of the rest was remitted.

Lord Howe at this time was very discontented with the state of our navy. He found his flag-ship, the *Victory*, "filthy," and the discipline so bad, that he confessed he did not think it safe for a man to trust himself with such a fleet. In 1794, there was a very serious outbreak on board the *Culloden*. The men were afraid of the vessel, and wanted it docked and examined. A letter, stating their grievances, and signed "A Delegate," was written to Lord Bridport, then second in command. Captain Trowbridge, however, applied for a court-martial on ten of the ringleaders, of whom two were acquitted, and eight sentenced to be hanged.

But it was in the year 1797—a year memorable for the gallant actions of Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, and Admiral Duncan off the Texel, that the worst mutinies broke out. Seventy-nine naval courts-martial are recorded in that year alone.

As early as March, 1797, petitions were sent to Lord Howe, then at Bath for the benefit of the waters, begging him to solicit the Admiralty to raise the sailors' pay, as had been lately done to the army and militia, and also to make some provision for their wives and families. Lord Howe, Lord Bridport, and Sir Peter Parker, the port admiral, thinking all these petitions to be the work of merely one factious person, cast them into the official waste-paper basket. In April, however, it was discovered that the various crews were in correspondence, and there was a plan to seize the vessels and turn out the officers. On the 15th of April, Admiral Bridport, being telegraphed from the Admiralty, signalled the fleet to prepare for sea. Instead of weighing anchor, the men of the *Queen Charlotte* instantly mounted the rigging, and gave three cheers. These cheers were answered from every ship. The next day, two delegates were chosen by each ship, and Lord Howe's cabin appointed for their conferences. On the 17th, every sea-

man in the fleet, even including the admiral's body-servants, was sworn to support the cause. They reeved ropes from the yard-arms, as a warning and terror to all traitors, and they sent on shore all objectionable officers. Military honours were paid to the delegates. Corporal punishment was inflicted on drunkards, and more than usually strict discipline preserved. Frigates with convoys were allowed to sail.

The Board of Admiralty came down to Portsmouth on the 17th, and finding the sailors' demands reasonable, agreed to advance their pay, four shillings a month to the able, three shillings to the ordinary, and two shillings to landsmen. The men refused to give an immediate consent, which so exasperated Admiral Gardner, a choleric man, that he shook one delegate by the collar, and swore he would have every fifth man in the fleet hanged. This so madened the mutineers, that it was with difficulty the admiral escaped from the ship with his life. Lord Bridport's flag was then struck, in spite of the entreaties of many of the officers, a red flag hoisted, every gun in the fleet loaded, and matches kept ready lighted. On the 23rd, Lord Bridport, whom the sailors called "their father and friend," returned to his ship, and rehoisted his flag; but the mutineers still refused to lift an anchor till the king had granted them a pardon under his sign manual; also

Until the rise in their pay was sanctioned by act of parliament;

Until the supply of vegetables was increased;

Until the grievances of private ships were redressed.

The mutineers also demanded more leave on shore, more attention to the sick on board ship, and that pay should be continued to men wounded in action, until they were either cured or discharged. They moreover demanded that the marines' pay should be increased, that the pensions at Greenwich Hospital should be raised to ten pounds per annum, also that the daily bread and meat should be augmented to sixteen ounces; and they expressed a wish that the East India Company's fleet should share in these reforms.

On these demands being acceded to, and the king's pardon being given, the fleet returned to its duty, and some of the vessels sailed at once for St. Helen's. An unwise delay in passing the act of parliament, and an injudicious order from the Admiralty to captains to keep the marines' arms in good order, and to repress disturbances, alarmed the naturally suspicious sailors, and on the 7th of May fresh mutinies broke out at St. Helen's and at Spithead, and delegates were again appointed. Admiral Colpoys refusing to allow the delegates on board the London, and ordering his men below, one man began to unleash a foremost gun, threatening to point it aft and sweep the quarter-deck. A lieutenant, having warned this man, on his persistence, fired and shot him dead. The dead man's comrades, joined by the marines, instantly rushed to arms, disarmed the officers, proposed to hang the lieutenant, and even to kill the admiral. But, by the generous courage of the admiral, who

took the blame entirely upon himself, and by the fervent intercession of the chaplain and the surgeon, the offender's life was spared.

It was a curious trait of sailors' character, in the midst of all this violence, that the men threatened to throw overboard a mutineer, for calling the admiral "a bloody rascal."

One of the ships' companies talking openly of carrying their vessel into a French harbour, the delegates threatened them with instant destruction if the language was repeated; and, believing that they were infected by revolutionary agents from the shore, kept guard, boats rowing round the treasonable vessel night and day.

The objectionable officers being again sent on land, Lord Howe, though old, infirm, and gouty, was requested by the king to visit the fleet, and try conciliatory measures. On the 11th of May, the brave old sailor visited the line of battle ships, and received the delegates on board the Royal William. He insisted, however, that, before a pardon by royal proclamation was issued, they should express contrition. This they did, but declared they would never receive again the officers sent ashore. Lord Howe consented to this, much to the disgust of all martinets. By this agreement, one admiral, four captains, twenty-nine lieutenants, and twenty-five midshipmen were superseded.

But the fleet at the Nore remained still mutinous and dissatisfied. The seamen of the Sandwich even went so far as to fire on the San Fiorenzo, which was passing by them on its way to Yarmouth roads to receive the Prince of Württemberg and his bride. Then the Admiralty Board went down to Sheerness, and there was an attempt at a rising on board Lord Duncan's vessel, the Venerable. Towards the end of the month, when the admiral ordered the fleet to weigh and proceed from Yarmouth to the Texel, two of the squadron refused, on pretence of being in course of payment; and the next day the whole North Sea fleet deserted, and joined Parker and other mutineers at the Nore. A few ships, however, at Portsmouth, refused to help Parker, and expressed themselves satisfied with the concessions already made. On the 6th of June, the Serapis made her escape from the rebels, but was fired at and damaged by the mutineers' shot; and the Clyde was also injured on the 7th of June. On the 15th of June, the mutineers quarrelled, and several vessels left the fleet. The departure of the Nassau was, however, prevented, and the Repulse, running aground, was fired into, and several men killed. Parker himself, not satisfied with nine-pound shot, fired a crowbar from one of the guns. The Ardent, passing in the dark, fired at the Monmouth, and killed and wounded several of her crew.

Soon after this the mutineers broke up in despair. The red flags were struck, and traders allowed to pass up the Thames. That same night, many of the vessels sailed in under the guns of Sheerness, with a flag of truce flying, and Parker, in the Sandwich, soon after sur-

rendered, and the ship was placed between the guns of the fort and the Ardent. The admiral's coxswain and a picket of the West York Militia then arrested Parker, and brought him on shore, with his hands bound, to a dark cell under the garrison chapel. The next day he was sent to Maidstone jail. He appeared calm, collected, and rather cheerful. Parker and his confederates were tried on the 22nd of June. He and twenty-two of his companions were sentenced to be hanged on board the Sandwich.

In 1801, the mutiny of the Temeraire and several other vessels of the Bantrey Bay squadron, excited great alarm in the ministry. The discontent came to a head on the 6th of December, 1801, when a report ran through the fleet that some of the vessels were to be sent to the West Indies. The mutineers' plan was to break open the gunner's store and get possession of the tomahawks. When the admiral came on board, and orders were given to unmoor the ship, the disaffected were to rush aft, barricade the hatchways with the hammocks, disarm the sentinels, and seize the arms. The ringleaders had told them that all the marines were gained over except a few "gulsins"—new recruits. The mutineers had secretly loaded several of the guns to fire on the officers, and kept matches lighted for the purpose. They had also rockets with which to signal the other ships. One of them openly boasted that the officers could not kill more than fifty or sixty of the foremost men before they were themselves overpowered, and the powder magazine taken possession of.

The subsequent trial proved that the conspiracy had been long projecting. The ringleaders met in the cabin of a sailor named Mayfield, where they put down their plans in writing. Their confederates sat down with affected carelessness outside the berths, keeping watch, and if the lieutenant, or any suspected officer, came by, the signal of alarm was to sing out, "A rat, catch the rat!" or to throw the hats down on the deck, and ask for a chew of tobacco. The ringleaders, hearing this, would come out and sit down on the cables.

The open mutiny broke out on the 6th of December, about "two bells after dinner." The word was passed round for no mutineer to drink more than his allowance. The cry was then raised for all hands to go forward, and a ringleader instantly shouted, "Lower the ports!" The ports were then lowered, and there was a shout raised of—

"Wad and shot; no place but England."

The men then cheered, and hauled in all the scuttles. One of the delegates of the rioters, a man named Fitzgerald, when he heard the cheering, said exultingly:

"Now the sun shines on us all at last."

Lieutenant Douglas instantly came to ask what the cheering meant, and invited those who had complaints to come on the quarter-deck and address the admiral; but the men, not wishing to single themselves out in that way for future punishment, cried, "No, no! Send

down the master of the ship; we don't want to shiver on the quarter-deck. Only the master shall come down."

Lieutenant Douglas then coming down the ladder, several of the men tried to unship it, and there were cries of—

"Break his neck and kill him." "Shoot, shoot! Bring the match! Strike the rascal with a shot!"

The "True Britons," as these dangerous men called themselves, had before this agreed to cool the officers' tempers, either with shot used as missiles, or with a discharge of cannon. They then went on the quarter-deck in a turbulent crowd, and said they wished to know where they were going to? They had many of them been eight or nine years in service, and now war was over they wanted to go on shore and see their friends. The admiral replied it was no use to be obstreperous—he must obey orders; and when he called all hands, he hoped they would go with good will. The men, however, still kept shouting:

"No, no! We will not go from the land; we will go to England."

On the Sunday, the mutineers grew louder in their threats. The ringleaders proposed to take a man they suspected, tie him in a bread bag, and throw him overboard; the marines were to be stabbed or smothered in their berths; the officers killed; and, if defeated, the rioters were to blow up the ship. They also reported that the crews of the Formidable, Majestic, and Vengeance, were with them; and the cry was, "We will go through with it." The next day they struck a lieutenant who had been complaining of their "cobbing," without orders, men who got drunk. They then rushed aft to rescue a drunken marine who had been put in irons, and the shout was to "clear those gentlemen quality" off the fore-castle, and either kill them or send them away. The next day all the ringleaders were seized, the admiral himself examining the faces of the men on deck by the light of a lantern he carried round. Sixteen of the mutineers were tried on January 6, 1802, on board the Gladiolus, in Portsmouth harbour. One of them had volunteered at Toulon and at Convention Hill, and others had fought bravely in several of Earl St. Vincent's battles. The court found fifteen of the men guilty, and sentenced one man to receive two hundred lashes. All of them solemnly disclaimed any intention of committing murder. Only six of the men (Mayfield, Collins, Fitzgerald, Chesterman, Ward, and Hillier) were executed: four on board the Temeraire, one died on board the Majestic, and the last on board the Formidable.

It was this same vessel, THE OLD TEMERAIRE, the hero of many battles, that Turner painted, by Stanfield's advice, being towed to her last moorings near Greenwich.

No serious outbreak has taken place in our navy since the mutiny of 1801. Much as such outbreaks are to be regretted, it is quite certain that they have generally been occasioned by abuses and acts of injustice to a brave and patriotic race of men, and it is equally provable

that they have in the end often led to a speedy reform of those abuses and those acts of injustice.

ROUGH DOINGS.

LET us suppose that some person with leisure to think, has during the last few months bestowed a certain amount of watchfulness upon the reports of trials and police examinations in the daily papers, what would be the phenomenon which would strike him most?

He would certainly be struck, first of all, and before taking note of anything else, by the preponderance of what are called "acts of violence" over other misdemeanours. He would have met continually, in the course of his reading, with details of bodily maltreatment inflicted on each other by men and by women. He would have read continually of assaults, blows, kicks, stabs, blood-lettings—not in the medical sense—bruises, stripes. He would have read of heads bound up, and wounds strapped together, of murderous poundings with fists, and savage trappings with iron heels, of human beings hugging their victims as bears do, or tearing at them, tiger-fashion, tooth and nail. He would find that first rude idea of the savage, of ill-using the body of the person against whom he bears ill will, an active idea among all sorts and conditions of men, in this advanced period of our civilisation. Keeping to the crime-records of one day, he would read: 1, that "William Allen, about thirty years of age, was sentenced to two months' hard labour for a violent assault upon William Pickett, 357 H, on Saturday night, in St. George's-in-the-East. The prisoner was drunk and making a noise, and when requested to desist and go home, he made a furious attack upon the constable, striking him several times, and *biting his neck*;" 2, that "William Ryan, a labourer, was charged with violently assaulting three policemen, on Saturday night, while he was drunk;" 3, that "William Davis, a young man, described as a paper-hanger, was charged with the following assault: Caroline Howell, of No. 2, Lancashire-court, Broad-street, said, that on Saturday night she was coming down Oxford-street, having walked on a short distance from a friend, who stopped to speak to a friend of hers, when the prisoner came up to her and said something very wrong. She told the prisoner that if he did not go on somebody would give him something, and he replied 'I will,' and then struck her in the eye, and before she could recover herself, he struck her on the arm, and she fell, and her back was injured. She was all over marks, like that on her arm. Her arm was much discoloured. The second blow the prisoner gave her knocked her down."

Turning from acts of mere drunken violence to those in which such violence is accompanied with robbery from the person, our newspaper reader finds, still in the same number of his journal, that on a certain evening Mr. Alexander Thorne, a collector, who was in the

habit of carrying large sums of money about with him, was passing from Roehampton to Putney Heath (a lonely bit of road, as some of us know), when benighted that two men were following him. He pulled up under a lamp and waited for them to pass, which they did; but, presently returning, one of them struck him a violent blow on the side of the head with a life-preserver.

The blow cut his ear open. His assailant then struck him again on the right side of the head, which caused the blood to flow freely. The prosecutor tried to defend himself with his umbrella, but it was snatched from his hand, and he was struck to the ground, and again assaulted in a very violent manner. When on the ground the prosecutor managed to roll over on his side for the purpose of saving the money which he had in the breast-pocket of his coat. One of his assailants placed his foot on his neck, and the other man his foot upon the lower part of his body. In the tail-pocket of his coat the prosecutor had a ledger and a book of poems. The thieves felt this parcel, and probably imagining that this was the booty they sought, they tore off the tail of the coat and decamped. They were thus disappointed in getting the money, which amounted to about five hundred pounds. The prosecutor was severely wounded, and remained ill for some time. The facts as to the robbery and the circumstances which accompanied it were not disputed, and the question for the consideration of the jury was the identification of the prisoner.

The next deed of violence which the student of our civilisation will find narrated in this same newspaper, is of another type:

SOUTHWARK.—STREET OUTRAGES.—James Turner, twenty, was brought before Mr. Woolrych by Walker, 30 M, and Beechy, 265 M, charged with assaulting Mr. Andrew Cotton, in the Blackfriars-road, and robbing him of a valuable gold watch and chain.

Mr. William Seymour, a boot and shoemaker in the Blackfriars-road, said, that on Tuesday afternoon last he was standing near his doorway, when he saw the prisoner and another young ruffian following the prosecutor. He heard them make some remark, pointing to the latter, which aroused his suspicions, and he was induced to look after them. At the corner of Friar-street the prisoner's companion crossed over to make signals to the former, who had followed Mr. Cotton down Friar-street. He accordingly proceeded that way, and when he was about to turn into Friar-street, he met the prisoner running with a watch in his right hand. He ran across the Blackfriars-road into Webber-street; but, as he was surrounded by a gang of desperate young ruffians, he was afraid to pursue him any further, consequently he escaped. Witness then returned to Friar-street, where he met the prosecutor in a very excited state, and was told by him that he had just been robbed of a watch and chain by a young fellow who had run into the Blackfriars-road. Witness told him he knew the thief, and he accompanied him to the police-station, and gave information of the robbery, with a description of the prisoner. He had frequently seen the prisoner and his companions attempt to rob people near his shop.

The prosecutor, an elderly person, said that he was a brass-founder, and carried on business in Union-street, Borough-road. On Tuesday afternoon he was returning to the latter place, and just as he was turning out of Friar-street into Union-street, some young fellow came suddenly in front of him, struck him a heavy blow on the chest, and then

snatched his watch and chain, and before he could recover himself he made his escape. He then met last witness, and told him he had just been robbed of his watch and chain; and then he gave information to the police. He could not swear that the prisoner was the man who robbed him.

When police-constable 265 M apprehended the prisoner a mob surrounded him, and would have rescued him had not another constable come up; and, after a severe struggle, he was secured.

Mather, 30 M, who had also been in search of the prisoner, asked for a remand, to enable him to produce a witness who actually saw the prisoner steal the watch and chain.

Mr. Woolrych accordingly remanded him for a week.

Mr. Seymour complained to his worship that some of the prisoner's companions had threatened him if he came forward and gave evidence on the case.

Mr. Woolrych told him if he could point out those persons he would have them before him on a warrant, and punish them severely.

But the catalogue of rough deeds published on this particular day is not exhausted yet:

Daniel Briant, twenty-nine, James Bryan, sixteen, John Donovan, seventeen, and Catherine Flynn, eighteen, of Rosemary-lane, were charged with being concerned in a robbery, and with assaulting several police-constables in the execution of their duty.

Thomas Jones, a ship's steward, stated that on Saturday night, at a quarter-past twelve o'clock, he was passing along Rosemary-lane with a parcel containing a pair of boots and a pair of trousers under his arm, and upon his arrival opposite the end of a narrow court, called Seven Star-alley, the parcel was knocked away from him. He turned round, and saw Donovan close behind him. The parcel was picked up by a man in front of him, who ran up a court. He followed him, and was intercepted by a mob of ruffians and disorderly characters, who sympathised with the thief, and who attacked him and knocked him down. He was obliged to retreat, and if he had not done so he should have been murdered.

Gully, Watts, and Holmstrong, police-constables, who apprehended Donovan and James Bryan, said they were violently assaulted by them, thrown, struck, and maltreated with bricks and other missiles. Daniel Briant threw a stone which struck one of the constables. The woman Flynn threw mud and rubbish at the police, and as Gully was entering the station she slapped his face.

And once more:

William Mansfield was charged with assaulting Henry Lane, rifling his pockets, and robbing him of a written character near London-bridge.

The prosecutor said he was a labourer, and on Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, he had been with his wife to Bermondsey. They passed up the steps leading from Tooley-street towards London-bridge. Witness was in front a little way, and just as he got at the top of the steps the prisoner came up and knocked his cap off. Witness replaced it, and took no further notice of him, when the prisoner struck him and put his hand in his pockets. Witness then seized hold of him, when he struck him again and got away. Finding that he had been robbed, he caught hold of him again, when he was secured by a City constable. Mr. Woolrych observed, as he should like to know something of the prisoner, he should remand him for a week.

A tolerable list this for one day, and for the metropolis and the suburbs only. Yet on the next there is something doing at the police-courts too.

SOUTHWARK.—ASSAULTS ON THE POLICE.—William Carroll, a powerful-looking fellow, was charged before Mr. Woolrych with assaulting police-constable 256 M, and doing grievous bodily harm to 23 M, while in the execution of their duty.

The prisoner was causing a disturbance in Snow's-fields, about one o'clock in the morning. He was requested to go home quietly by 256 M, when he immediately rushed upon the officer and struck and kicked him in a violent manner. On 23 M coming to the assistance of his brother-constable, he, too, was savagely maltreated by the prisoner. Both officers were suffering severely from the effects of the blows and kicks.

It was stated that the prisoner had been previously convicted of assaults on constables.

Mr. Woolrych fully committed him for trial.

WIFE BEATING.—James Moore, a labourer, was charged with committing a brutal assault on his wife, and sentenced to three months' hard labour.

THAMES.—AFFRAY ON BOARD SHIP.—Joseph Walker, a touter, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with assaulting several persons on board the Duke of Sunderland.

The ship arrived in the London Dock basin, Shadwell, on Saturday night. On Monday morning a great many persons boarded her to solicit custom of the sailors; and among them were clothiers, crimps, lodging-house keepers, touters, runners, and others. The prisoner was among them, and he went into the fore-castle to remove a mariner's chest and effects. A man named George William Gray, the butcher of the vessel, and now acting as ship-keeper, directed him to leave the vessel, which he refused to do, and struck Gray. Daniel Anderson, the chief mate, who had the command of the ship in the absence of the captain, went to the assistance of Gray, and he was violently assaulted by the prisoner, who struck him on the face and blackened his eye. A dock constable, named Francis Andus, took the prisoner into custody, and he was also assaulted and his coat was torn.

Mr. Paget sent the prisoner to jail for four months, with hard labour.

There is no possibility, in such an article as this, of extracting many such cases at length. One or two may be thus given, but the rest must be compressed, and given only in the aggregate.

It is an unquestionable fact that the impression left by even a hasty glance at the police and trial reports, published during a period of twelve or thirteen weeks, is dispiriting in the extreme. Records of violence and bloodshed—more especially of violence inflicted on women—are reported on every page. "No day without a line," says the Latin proverb, but this is a line which is traced in blood. The list of these rough doings is a long one, but there is little variety in it. On one day we read of the cruelty of William Barrett, accused of violently assaulting and threatening his wife—a "mere girl" fifteen months married—of striking her, as she was sitting on a chair nursing her baby, repeatedly in the face, of his threatening to stab her, and to throw her out of the window, of his trying to do so, and, failing in that, of his seizing the baby by its long clothes and swinging it round, swearing that "he would be rid of it." This is one day's reading. On another, the story is of a husband, who, after an altercation with his wife, throws her down, kneels upon

her, and, squeezing her throat violently, causes a rupture of the gall-duct and the liver, which eventually bring about the woman's death. We have these facts on the testimony of an eye-witness, a little girl who calls these two her father and mother.

Another day's record comes before us, and we read, this time, about Joseph Wood, a Crimean pensioner, and his wife. These two, on the days when the pension was paid, were in the habit of going the round of the public-houses and getting very drunk. On one such occasion—again the principal witness is a child of the accused criminal—they come home specially drunk and quarrelsome, and the man orders his wife to go up-stairs, and demands, for some drunken reason, that the blinds shall be drawn down. The woman goes up-stairs, as she is told to do, and gets under the bed, apprehensive, no doubt, of what may be coming, and thinking, perhaps, in her drunken stupidity, that her husband, in his drunken stupidity, will forget all about her if he does not see her. He does not do so, however; but coming up-stairs himself sends one of the children, a boy, down below for "a razor and a knife." Then the man, as this wretched boy testifies, begins, at first, cutting the woman with these instruments as she lies under the bed; but presently afterwards drags her out from her hiding-place, and, getting her on to the hearth, falls furiously upon her, beats her with a "bed-rail," and, in the end, kills her. More instances of rage and detestation at work between married people are forthcoming as we read on. Here is the case of Ann Slack, killed by her husband at the Holmes, Doncaster. As, in most of the other instances quoted, drink seems to have been the original cause of the dissensions which sprang up between these two people. The woman, it seems, was addicted to drink, and was in the habit of pawning the smaller articles of furniture in the house for the purpose of supplying herself with liquor. The man, "up to the last two years, had conducted himself respectably, but within that period he also had fallen into intemperate habits." His conduct towards his wife was, however, generally kind and forbearing, and he had endeavoured to reclaim her before he had himself fallen into drunken habits. The old monotonous story follows. The man comes home drunk, finds his wife drunk also; they quarrel, and the man drives his case-knife into the woman's neck, and the blow, dividing the carotid artery, she dies in a very few minutes.

These assaults on women do not always terminate fatally. The women survive them sometimes, and go about their ordinary avocations, maimed, and bruised, and disfigured, as we may see for ourselves, if we choose to frequent the courts and by-streets about Drury-lane and Seven Dials, or, indeed, in any other "low neighbourhood." We might have met with a poor woman thus disfigured, in the Clerkenwell district, if our occasions had taken us there, a few weeks ago. Let us hear what is to be heard about her. She was married, it

seems, to a man named Stallard, who assaulted her three weeks after marriage, and with whom she had lived very unhappily since. One night, reduced to desperation, and afraid of his violence, she took a dangerous step, and locked him out of the house. Of course this only inflamed his anger. He broke open the door, seized a candlestick, and beat her with it on the head and arms. Her cries of murder brought assistance, and she was saved from further violence; but the injuries which she had received were visible a week afterwards, and caused her much pain.

Here is another instance of assault which does not terminate fatally, but *only* in bruises and contusions. This case and the last are reported in the same newspaper. "Frederick Jenks" is the name of the assailant this time, and he is described as a labourer, and accused of committing a violent assault upon his wife, "a young woman of respectable appearance," who states that her husband had frequently ill-used her, and that he was imprisoned two years before for six months for assaulting her. One evening, recently, he came in and made use of violent threats towards her. "He left the house, and returned about ten o'clock, and the moment she opened the door he rushed upon her, struck her a severe blow on the breast, and knocked her down. While she was down, he struck her several blows, and deliberately *kicked her on the left eye*. She remained insensible for a short time, and on endeavouring to rise, he seized a chair, and threatened to dash her brains out." The woman's cries brought assistance when things had reached this point, and the man was given in custody.

These attacks on women, of which we read, are not confined to acts of violence committed by men on their *wives*. In one of these reports, with which we are occupying ourselves, we find a son guilty of the almost impossible crime, as it seems, of assaulting his mother. Let us hear her own evidence against her son. It is very terrible. "Mrs. Colman, an aged, respectable person, said that she carried on business as an upholsterer at 48, Union-street, Kennington-road. On Saturday night the prisoner went to her house in a state of drunkenness, and abused her in a most fearful manner. He struck her two violent blows in the face, and knocked her down. While on the ground, he followed up the outrage by kicking her on the head and body. He continued this conduct for some time, and threatened her with a knife and a poker. She was very ill from the effects of the prisoner's violence, and went in bodily fear."

Surely after this it is unnecessary to quote any more instances of assaults committed by men upon women. We may get away from this unpalatable subject—only, however, to approach another.

Perhaps next to the frequency of those savage attacks upon women, which we have just been considering, there is no single circumstance more calculated to strike any attentive observer of our crime records than the continual recurrence of

the most violent and savage assaults on the members of our London police force. As we read the details of such brutality, we get at last to wonder that men can be found to do the duty of policemen at all. What a life theirs is! The things which most men carefully avoid, it is their business to put themselves in the way of. To walk along lonely roads by night, to pass through notoriously low neighbourhoods, to frequent the haunts of well-known bad characters—all these are proceedings from which most men shrink, even when it is necessary to engage in them once in a way. The policeman encounters them habitually, day after day, and, which is worse, night after night. With most of us it is a study to avoid all intercourse with thieves and garotters, and, above all things, and at any cost, to keep out of "rows." The policeman is habitually brought in contact with those bad characters just alluded to, while to get into rows, instead of keeping out of them, is the very essence of his duty. And then there is nothing glorious or picturesque, or externally attractive, about the achievements of the policeman. The battles which he engages in are squalid, ignoble brawls. No poet chooses one of them as a theme on which his muse may exercise herself, nor does any "own correspondent" chronicle their details. The policeman does not march into action with trumpets sounding and colours flying, and with troops of comrades round about him in all directions. Single-handed, and with no stimulating influences to urge him on—unless a stout heart and a sense of duty may be so regarded—he dashes in among a crowd of foul-mouthed, violent ruffians, and fastens on his man. "Acting on information I had received"—so runs the tale which is told so often that we take it as a thing of course—"I went to a house in Slaughter's-court, Whitechapel, and took the prisoner into custody." How often do we read those words, or others like them, and bearing the same purport; but do we fully understand and realise what we read?

When "acting upon information that he had received," Policeman A 1 starts on an expedition into what is called a low neighbourhood, in search of somebody who is "wanted," he goes deliberately, and knowing what he is about, among the members of a hostile tribe, all of whom hate him with a deadly hatred, and are prepared to thwart him at every turn, and to take every opportunity of hindering him in the performance of the duty which he has got to do. He goes among a set of ruffians who have all, as they suppose, plenty of wrongs sustained at his hands, or those of his comrades, for which they long to take vengeance, and who are restrained by no human feeling from the commission of the cruellest and most dastardly acts. There is surely evidence of more real courage given by a readiness to encounter such perils as these than by many a showy act of daring which has the promise of winning renown and glory for its prospective reward.

Almost daily we are made acquainted with the details of fresh outrages committed on the

members of this ill-used force. We have almost got used to them. It is without surprise, though still with undiminished disgust, that we read the accounts of those acts of brutality which are now of every-day occurrence. We read, to take an instance, indignantly, indeed, but still regarding it too much as a matter of course, such a case as that recently recorded of William Cannon, *well known for violent assaults on the police*, and who is charged with assaulting Police-constable Chapple, and breaking his leg in two places. Police-constable Chapple tells admirably well the simple story of how it all happened, and it deserves, as indeed does the whole report of the case, to be put on record, as symptomatic of the exact state of our civilisation in 1867.

"About twelve o'clock on the night of the 7th of September," says John Chapple, "I was in Frederick-street, St. John's Wood, when I saw a crowd come out of the Prince George of Cumberland public-house. The prisoner was there, and knocked another man down. He wanted to fight, and the man gave him into custody for the assault. He had been drinking, but knew what he was about. I took him into custody. He swore he would not go, and I told him he had better go quietly. He struck me on the side of my head, and we fell. I was on the top. I rose up, and pulled him up. He made use of frightful language, and said he would not go. He struck at me again, and we fell a second time. Then he tried to kick me, and called upon his companions to come and get him away. A man caught hold of my great-coat and pulled me up. The prisoner got up and kicked me violently just above my left ankle. The blow broke my leg in two places, and I fell. The other man is well known, and there is a warrant against him, but he has absconded."

Here the evidence of this, the unfortunate principal in the affair, comes to an end. Other witnesses appear, and finish the story among them. It comes out that there was a man named Cooley present, who, when the policeman lay on the ground with his leg broken, said: "Let me jump upon the — and finish him." He was prevented from doing so by his wife. Indeed the women present on this occasion seem to have been possessed of some human qualities. One of them tried to get at the policeman's rattle, that she might spring it and bring assistance. Another—Sophia Green—by all means let her name survive—came battling through the crowd, and, seeing the ruffian, Cannon, battering the unfortunate policeman as he lay helpless on the ground, caught the brute by the coat-tail, and tried to pull him off; and the coat-tail coming away in her hands, got presently a firmer hold upon some other part of his dress, and did really succeed in tearing him away from his victim. A good woman this, in her way, surely! "The crowd gave no assistance," she said, in concluding her evidence, "but stood looking on, as if it were a play."

This is a story deserving of much and serious consideration. The position of that policeman,

with that throng of entirely antagonistic people about him, going in among them single-handed to do what he had to do, is in reality a terrible one. The courage which this same John Chapple must have possessed can only have been of the best and most exalted kind; and it would be a difficult thing to explain why such service, as a man like this renders to the State, should not be rewarded by the Victoria Cross.

The acts of ruffianism which are here exhibited are very far from being the only specimen cases of similar brutality which we might quote if space permitted, or if any object was to be gained by the multiplication of instances. We read continually of policemen being knocked down, of their being pelted with bricks, rubbish, mud; of dangerous assaults by kicking. We read of officers suffering severely from the effects of blows and kicks; of a policeman thrown down seven or eight times, and nearly throttled; of another struck in the face with a chair. For many months the newspapers have been full of such things, and they continue to report them still. On the very day when these words are written the old story is told again, with one or two new features. Soldiers are the offenders this time. Two of them, accompanied by a woman, fasten upon a policeman outside the Marble Arch, and require him, at twelve o'clock at night, to let them into the park. The policeman refuses, and is instantly set upon by the soldiers (a third having in the mean time come up and joined the party), and so cruelly maltreated that he is disabled for nearly a month. It is a curious feature of this case that a thief, who happens to be passing at the time, comes up while the unhappy constable is being mauled, and recommends the soldiers to take the policeman to a retired part of the park and there "finish him quietly."

It is impossible to study these records of crime, and of the punishments awarded to crime, without being struck by the strange inconsistencies which, as it appears to persons unacquainted with the intricacies of law, are from time to time perpetrated in our courts of justice. There may be, it is true, circumstances connected with some of these cases which do not appear in the reports, and which might, if recorded, affect the opinion which we form in reading them. But of what is not put upon record we cannot, of course, be expected to take cognisance, and as such reports stand, they do certainly seem sometimes a little startling. The most ordinary newspaper reader cannot fail to observe, as he goes through his police reports and his trials, that what we call luck or chance has, to all appearance, a considerable amount of influence in deciding the fate of the convicted prisoner, which seems often to depend on something altogether independent of the published evidence. That "something" may in certain cases be a valid something, the legitimacy of whose influence we should admit if we were made acquainted with it; but we are often not a little mystified to find offences of apparently exactly the same nature punished on one occasion with remarkable severity, and on another

with equally remarkable leniency. Or we observe that some outrage, which makes our blood boil with indignation, is dealt with in the mildest fashion, while, at the same time, to some quite small misdeed a very heavy penalty is awarded.

Taking still the newspaper records of the last few months, we find many instances of what certainly looks like inconsistency in the distributing of those penalties which the law has power to inflict. Some of these, however, are comprehensible when the principle on which such penalties are awarded comes to be considered. Take, for instance, the two following cases, the first reported on the 6th of August, the second on the 10th of September:

BEFORE MR. PAYNE.—Henry Johnson, eighteen, was charged with stealing a watch from the person of Mr. Stanley Dent, of 34, Great Tower-street. Mr. Abram prosecuted; Mr. Harris defended. The prosecutor was standing on the steps of Her Majesty's Theatre, about twelve, on the night of the 9th of July, when the prisoner came up, snatched away his watch, and ran off. The prosecutor followed him into Charles-street, where he was stopped by a policeman, who asked him why he was running, to which he replied that he did not know. Almost immediately after the prisoner was caught, some one in the crowd handed the prosecutor's watch to the constable. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The prisoner had been previously convicted of stealing a pocket-book from the person of Mr. Clay, M.P., in the lobby of the House of Lords, in 1863. Other convictions also were proved against him. Mr. Payne sentenced him to be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

CLERKENWELL.—John Burke, aged seventeen, who refused both his address and occupation, and Edward Dobson, aged nineteen, a brass finisher giving his address St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell, were charged before Mr. Cooke with assaulting and stealing from the person of Mr. George Hopson Blowers, a draper, of 12, Commerce-place, Brixton-road, a watch of the value of six pounds six shillings, at High-street, Clerkenwell. The prosecutor was seeing a lady into one of the Barnsbury omnibuses, round which were a great number of persons. While doing so he was violently pushed against, and heard a snap as if his watch-guard had been broken. He looked and saw the prisoner Burke trying to get out of the crowd. He collared hold of him, and then he was violently pushed against, and an attempt was made to rescue him. Assistance was rendered to the prosecutor, and Burke was pushed into the Bluecoat Boy public-house, and there the watch was taken from his hand. Dobson, who had been seen by the police in company with the other prisoner, was afterwards apprehended, and then he said that he knew nothing of the prisoner or of the charge. The prisoners pleaded guilty. Mr. Cooke said that had anything been known against the character of the prisoners he should have felt it his duty to send the case for trial. He should pass on them the highest sentence that he could, namely, that they be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for six calendar months.

At first sight, the difference between the punishment inflicted in the first of these cases, and that awarded in the second, seems very startling. The charge is the same in both, snatching a watch from the person of its owner in the street. Yet this same offence is visited in one instance with penal servitude for seven

years, and in the other with six months of imprisonment. This instance is not an isolated one. On the 29th of August, James Wratten was accused of robbing Frederick Minasi of four feet of lead, and, by a second indictment, of stealing fifty pounds of lead, the property of John Price. The quantity of lead stolen is very small, and the offence, one would be apt to say, not a very terrible one; yet the sentence upon James Wratten—against whom *about a dozen previous convictions* were put in—was that he be kept in penal servitude for seven years. The same enormous penalty was awarded, three days later, to George Lane, who “pleaded guilty to stealing a shirt,” but who had been “previously convicted of felony.” In every one of these instances of severe sentences awarded to comparatively light offences, it will be seen that there are previous convictions on record against the prisoner. When a man has been convicted a certain number of times, his case, to all appearance, gets to be regarded as certainly hopeless. At any rate, hopeless or not, a long sequestration from temptation, and from the possibility of offending again, is judged to be necessary, and so they put him out of harm’s way for a time, to get him out of what may be called a felonious habit.

The only thing which one does not quite see is, why this theory should not be more completely carried out. If these previous convictions affect in so marked a degree the sentences of thieves and small pilferers, why should they not be equally powerful when it is a question of assault and battery? In many of these cases of brutal attack on the police, which we have heard so much of lately, these same “previous convictions”—whether a magistrate’s or a justice’s does not, or should not, matter—have been proved, and yet the short sentence only has been pronounced. When certain ruffians, were charged with a murderous assault upon Police-constable Harding, the report informs us that the men were “well known to the police.” The magistrate was reminded that one of them—Shea by name—had just had four months for an assault on the police. Surely this was a “previous conviction.” Yet the ruffian is only sentenced, after all, to two months of imprisonment. How is this? He has just had four months, and is none the better for it, and the magistrate tries him next with two. Is this logical, in the strict sense of the word?

Of inadequate sentences, pronounced against persons convicted of acts of violence, the instances are numerous, as almost any day’s police-sheet will show. Here—to take one specimen—here is James Roach, an Irishman, who first assaults a woman indecently, then strikes her in the face, then throws the policeman, who comes to take him up, seven or eight times, kicking him, and nearly throttling him—what does he get for all this? A paltry two months in the House of Correction! Here is another

Irishman, who steals an umbrella, who assaults the person from whom he steals it, who attacks and kicks the policeman who takes him into custody, who attacks and kicks a second policeman who comes to the assistance of the first, taking a piece of skin, an inch and a half long, off this last one’s leg, who, on his way to the station, deliberately and wantonly kicks, and much injures, a little girl six years of age, and who is sentenced—to what? “To be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for one calendar month!”

The severity of the sentences awarded to persons who are convicted of acts of dishonesty, as compared with those pronounced against such offenders as have just been mentioned, is sometimes very striking. It really almost seems as if offences against the purse have got to be regarded by our law as much more serious than those which are committed against the man who carries the purse. One or two cases, selected at random from the newspaper reports of the last few months, will show this very plainly. We find a milkman, who pleads guilty to an accusation of stealing a quart and a half pint of milk, sentenced to four months of imprisonment; and, in another case, published a few days later, that case—already alluded to—of an Irishman who, for kicking and maiming a couple of policemen, and committing other acts of savage violence, gets but one month—a fourth part of the sentence inflicted on the felonious milkman. In another instance, a pickpocket, who is detected practising his craft on the platform of the London and North-Western Railway, first strikes one policeman a furious blow on the mouth, and then kicks another—as the report says—“dangerously.” He is altogether so violent that he is obliged to be handcuffed. The sentence on this gentleman is edifying. He is condemned to three months of prison for attempting to pick pockets, and has two months, besides, for the assault on the police. Upon the whole, the impression conveyed by a diligent study of such cases as these, is, that it is less culpable to commit an aggravated assault, by which your victim is crippled, disabled from following his calling, and tormented with cruel pain, than to pick a pocket or steal sixpenny-worth of milk.

On Thursday, 12th December, will be published

THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS,

ENTITLED

NO THOROUGHFARE.

By CHARLES DICKENS

AND WILKIE COLLINS.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Will be commenced in the Number to be dated Saturday, 4th of January next.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.